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Sir JOHN CAMPBELL, K.C.H., in the Chair.
The following resolutions were agreed to:—
It was moved, seconded, and unanimously carried—

1. That the Report now read be received, printed, and circulated amongst the proprietors.
2. That a Dividend of 3 per cent., recommended in the report now read, be payable on or after the 30th December, 1842, between the hours of twelve and three o'clock on each day, to such proprietors as are duly qualified to receive the same.
3. That Sir John Campbell, K.C.H., and James Hartley, Esq., be re-elected Directors of this Company, in conformity with the provisions of the deed of settlement.
4. That the Honourable John T. Leslie Melville, and Jameson Hunter, Esq., be re-elected Auditors for this Company for the ensuing two years.
5. That the Thanks of this Meeting be tendered to the three Managing Directors, for their able and persevering exertions, by which they have promoted the interests of this Company.
6. That the remuneration to the Directors be fixed at Two Guineas for each day's attendance for the future.
7. A Vote of Thanks and Confidence was then moved to the Chairman, which was carried unanimously, and the meeting adjourned.

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REVIEWS

Memoirs of Admiral the Earl of St. Vincent.
By Jedediah Stephens Tucker, Esq. 2 vols.
Bentley.

PERHAPS no officer, not even excepting Nelson, is the British Navy and the Country under such important obligations as to the Earl of St. Vincent. Though popularly known only as the commander-in-chief who gained a great victory off the cape whence he derived his title, over a very superior Spanish fleet, in February 1797, yet that brilliant event formed but a small part of the service he rendered to his profession, or of the benefits he conferred upon the nation. It is to Earl St. Vincent, pre-eminently, that the Navy owes that high state of efficiency and discipline which contributed to so many conquests, and rendered it superior to the Marine of the rest of the world. But it was as the uncompromising detector of abuses in dockyards and other naval establishments, and by the reforms he introduced when First Lord of the Admiralty, that he mostly benefited that service, and which induced Mr. Thomas Grenville, many years afterwards, to write to him, "You got a great name for a foreign naval victory, but, and as I always assert, you had no justice done you for your domestic naval victories." The life of such an officer, written with a full knowledge of facts, with access to public and private documents, and with impartiality and judgment, would be an invaluable present to the profession he adorned, and an acceptable addition to general literature. Our readers are aware that this is not the first account of Earl St. Vincent's career, and that his life was written, in two volumes, by the late Capt. Edward Pelham Brenton.

The present biography appears under every circumstance which could give it value. Mr. Tucker is the son of Lord St. Vincent's private secretary and confidential friend, and he has also been assisted by the papers, and recollections, of his Lordship's family. But we fear the author himself has brought few other qualifications for his work—evidently a labour of love—than generous and grateful admiration of his hero. To literary composition he seems unaccustomed, for his style is so involved and verbose as to be sometimes almost unintelligible; and in minute details he is occasionally inaccurate. He speaks with becoming diffidence of the incompetency of a civilian to write the life of a naval commander; but there are other requisites for a biographer besides professional knowledge, and we apprehend that the life of St. Vincent, which will form a manual for aspirants for naval renown, remains to be written.

The volumes are, nevertheless, extremely valuable for the numerous letters they contain, and which, fortunately, render Earl St. Vincent his own biographer, while they exhibit the mind, feelings, and powers, of some of the most eminent of his contemporaries, with nearly the same clearness as his own. Some of the personal anecdotes, which the author's father has preserved of his patron, are amusing, and afford more insight into the real nature of a man whose official exterior inspired awe, and whom every idle, incapable, and negligent officer equally feared and disliked. It might have been wished that a more judicious selection had been made from the documents in Mr. Tucker's hands, for many of the letters are on mere matters of routine, and neither afford professional information, nor illustrate, in the least degree, their writer's character. This is a sin of redundancy; but there are numerous others of St. Vincent's letters, scattered in a variety of publications (especially

his remarkable correspondence with Sir John Orde on a point of discipline), which ought to have been inserted in these volumes.

Lord St. Vincent was the second son of Swynfyn Jervis, Esq., a gentleman of ancient family in Staffordshire, and was born on the 23rd January, 1734-5:—

"His ancestral families (says Mr. Tucker) may be but briefly noticed, and merely to show that the sturdy vigour and manliness with which he was eminently gifted, characterised them also, and was almost a natural source of his extraction; for his must be a name which it would be least permissible to try to emblazon with lineal splendour, who, in reply to a request for such information, and that for the avowed purpose of *Memoirs of himself*, wrote: "They were all highly respectable, but *et genus et proavis*, &c.—nearly all the Latin I now recollect—always struck my ear as the sound maxim for officers and statesmen."

Young Jervis was intended for the law; but the appointment of his father to the auditorship of Greenwich Hospital in 1747, where he took up his residence, is supposed to have directed the boy's mind to the Navy. His desire to go to sea being resisted, he ran away from school; but the family finding his resolution not to be shaken, placed him as a midshipman in January 1748. The hardy independence of character and reliance on himself for which he was conspicuous throughout life, showed themselves very early. Having drawn upon his father for 20*l.*, while serving in the West Indies, and the bill being dishonoured, he underwent the most severe privations—"sold all his bedding, and slept on the bare deck, made, mended, and washed his own clothes"—to pay it, and never afterwards obtained a sixpence from his family. To this fact he alluded while First Lord of the Admiralty, in 1802, in answer to an application to him to provide for a young officer who had got into debt:—"Having fought my way up to where I now stand, without the smallest pecuniary aid from any one, even when I was a Mid, I cannot possibly entertain an opinion that officers, whose half-pay is considerably more than formerly, cannot practise the same necessary economy which marked the character of, my dear Sir, yours, &c. St. Vincent."

Jervis obtained a lieutenancy in 1755, and was flag lieutenant to Sir Charles Saunders in the expedition to Quebec in 1759, when Wolfe (erroneously called Sir James Wolfe, with whom Jervis had been to school,) fell. Being in the same ship, the general and lieutenant renewed their friendship, and—

"On the night previous to the battle, after all the orders for the assault were given, Sir James Wolfe requested a private interview with his friend; at which, saying that he had the strongest presentiment that he should be killed in the fight of the morrow, but he was sure he should die on the field of glory, Sir James unbuttoned his waistcoat, and taking from his bosom the miniature of a young lady, with whose heart his own 'blended,' he delivered it to Commander Jervis, intreating, that if the foreboding came to pass, he would himself return it to her on his arrival in England. Wolfe's presages were too completely fulfilled, and Commander Jervis had the most painful duty of delivering the pledge to Miss Lowther."

Soon after his promotion he took command of the *Albany* sloop in Plymouth, to proceed with dispatches to America; but the crew having refused to go on so distant a voyage, the young commander gave proofs of that firmness in subduing mutiny which never deserted him. He obtained post rank in October 1761, and remained for six years on half-pay. In February 1769 he was sent to the Mediterranean, in the *Alarm* frigate, and being in Genoa, two Tunisian slaves jumped into his boat, clasped the colours, and claimed their freedom. They were, however, taken out of the boat by

the Genoese; but, in consequence of his spirited remonstrance, were restored to him, with an apology for the insult offered to the English flag. The act seems to have been disapproved of by the Admiralty, as he says, "I had an opportunity of carrying the British flag in relation to two Turkish slaves as high as Blake had ever done, for which I am publicly censured, though I hope we have too much virtue left, for me not to be justified in private."

This circumstance would have been scarcely worth noticing here, had not Mr. Tucker said, "it so unquestionably bears upon the line of conduct exhibited by St. Vincent in the House of Lords, in speaking against the abolition of the Slave Trade;" but he forgets that Captain Jervis did not insist upon the slaves being given up to him because he hated slavery, but because the English flag had been insulted by their recapture. In March, 1770, his ship was nearly wrecked at Marseilles, and in the measures he adopted for her restoration he showed great professional ability and energy of character. Of this event he said, in a letter to his father:—

"I have had a severe lesson of submission to the Divine Will; gained some experience, and, I have the vanity to think, lost no reputation, although other loss I have sustained enough; but that is not to be named. * * I have received the most satisfactory letters from the Admiralty, public and private: a glorious action in the midst of a war could not be more applauded than the gallantry of the officers and crew for theirs."

To his sister, Mrs. Ricketts, he thus touchingly expressed himself:—

"Thanks, my dear Sister, for your cordial of a letter. The only vacancy I felt in the most arduous task I ever yet saw, was the want of your remembrance. I have it now, and am happy—but worn down to the merest skeleton you ever saw."

He was soon after appointed to convey the Duke of Gloucester from port to port in the Mediterranean, and being paid off on his return to England, he proceeded to the Continent, and visited the principal arsenals of Europe, with the view of obtaining information which might be turned to account in future wars. In 1778 he commanded the *Foudroyant*, 84, under Admiral Keppel, and having been present in the drawn battle with the French off Ushant, in July of that year, became an important witness for his chief on the court martial instituted by Sir Hugh Palliser, his evidence on this occasion filling seventeen of Mr. Tucker's pages.

In April, 1782, Captain Jervis fought one of the most remarkable actions in the naval annals, and justly acquired the highest reputation for bravery and skill, by the capture of the French line-of-battle ship *Pégase*, after an engagement of three quarters of an hour, without losing a single life, and having only five men wounded. We shall give the author's short description of the affair, because it shows how early professional tact sometimes displays itself, and, what is more rare, sufficient greatness of mind in a superior officer, to admit and take advantage of the suggestion of a mere boy. The Mr. Richard Bowen there mentioned, had been directed by Jervis to keep sight of the chase during the night, which he executed so much to his Captain's satisfaction, as to induce him to exclaim, "That's right, Bowen, do you only keep sight of her, and rely upon it I will never lose sight of you;" a promise he fulfilled, until Bowen gallantly fell a post captain at Teneriffe, where Nelson lost his arm:—

"The two ships were running at the rate of eleven knots, with the wind on the starboard quarter, the enemy being rather on the weather bow of the *Foudroyant*. When they were nearly within hail of each other, and before a gun had been fired, the officer on the *Foudroyant's* forecastle called out, 'She has put her helm up to rake us, sir.' On that, Capt. Jervis's

first impulse was, to put the Foudroyant's helm a-starboard, and deliver her broadside from her starboard guns; but it had already occurred to young Bowen that the contrary manoeuvre would enable the Foudroyant to give the first fire, and instead of being raked, to rake her opponent; and so forcibly did this strike the boy, that he could not help exclaiming, 'Then if we put our helm to port, we shall rake her.' Captain Jervis immediately caught the idea; and feeling the force of it, 'You are right, Bowen,' he said, conceding the credit to whom it was due; and giving his orders accordingly, thus commenced his action. As the enemy hauled up, Captain Jervis clewed up his main-sail, took in his studding-sails, and passing under his opponent's stern at the distance of about twenty fathoms, continued his raking fire. It seemed that carnage threw the chase into confusion; for she then ran right before the wind, her sails and everything being in the greatest disorder. Perceiving this, Capt. Jervis determined on boarding, and laid the Foudroyant on the enemy's larboard side, a little abaft the main-mast. Headed by young Bowen, his boarders were soon in possession of the enemy's deck, struck her colours with cheers, and thus, at one A.M., the action having lasted three quarters of an hour, ceased.

A nephew of Captain Jervis, the son of his favourite sister, Mrs. Ricketts, was on his first cruise with his uncle on that occasion, and there is so much simplicity in the boy's letter to his mother, that we are tempted to insert it:—

"I have the happiness to inform you we have taken a seventy-four-gun ship from the French, after 50 minutes' action. We had not one man killed, only five wounded. My uncle has got a splinter, which has made both his eyes black, but he is very well; it is upon the top of his nose; he says you must write to Meaford, at Spithead, to-morrow. The ship's name is *Pégase*, seven months old, the captain an old acquaintance of my uncle's. We have taken about sixteen or seventeen transports out of twenty. We engaged till one in the morning; and shall most likely be with you soon.—Yours, affectionately,

H. RICKETTS.

"P.S.—I assure you, upon my word, he is not very bad."

Mr. Tucker says, that for this exploit, "the red ribbon and a baronetcy were immediately conferred," a singular inaccuracy, for Sir John Jervis, neither then nor at any other period was created a *baronet*. That the *Foudroyant* was a model of discipline, and her commander stern and inflexible on all points of duty, we can readily believe; but the following statement will, we think, surprise naval officers of the present day:—

"Not a few are the very old officers whom the writer of these memoirs has had the honour to meet, who recollected her, and who took delight in talking about how 'great a thing it was then thought to go on board the *Foudroyant*;' with what awe they used to approach Sir John Jervis! what a stern officer he was! what an object of curiosity the ship was to all in the port! but especially to the officer, who when any important piece of duty was going on (let the young midshipmen mark this) used then to make interest to be admitted on board, for the express purpose of learning from the best model of the day!"

That this rigid disciplinarian's heart was always influenced by kindness and humanity, will abundantly appear from many of our extracts. Among the letters of this class is one from Dr. Huntingford, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester, commencing thus:—

"The kind, generous, and humane behaviour which you have been pleased to show to my unhappy brother, demands my earliest acknowledgments, and most sincere thanks. You have relieved from bitter anxiety an afflicted family; you have rescued from an abode of distress and despair a young man, born to good prospects, liberally educated, and brought up to a genteel profession. For such instances of benevolence may you reap every blessing, which minds sensibly affected with your goodness can possibly conceive or wish for you."

To Mr. Jackson, the Under Secretary of the Admiralty, Sir John Jervis wrote on the 9th August, 1778:—

"You must allow me to interest your humanity in favour of poor Spicer, who overwhelmed with dropsy, asthma, and a large family, and with nothing but his pay to support him under these afflictions, is appointed to the — under a mean man, and very likely to go to East India. The letter he writes to the Board, desiring to be excused from his appointment, is dictated by me. Admiral Keppel has already offered to take Beger into the Victory, if you promote as you ought to do, out of her; and when that takes place, I shall write for Spicer to be first-lieutenant of the *Foudroyant*, with intention to nurse him and keep him clear of all expense."

But poverty and distress, more especially when found in the son of an old officer, were ever irresistible claims to his patronage and assistance. The impartiality of his conduct towards his relations, and the treatment they were to expect if placed under his command, are strikingly exhibited in his answer to his sister's letter about one of her sons:—

"I forgot to answer the passage in your letter relative to Edward, which I now do briefly thus: His choice of our profession must be entirely his own; and he should be made to understand, that I do not encourage it, by any means. That he must lie in the berth with the other midshipmen; live as they do; and have no other distinction whatsoever; for the first year, he must rise at break of day; and apply closely to his studies, and to his seamanship; be very subordinate and respectful to all in authority over him, and never repine at the hardships and impositions he is bound to bear in common with others. The life is a very rigorous one, and what few boys, educated as he has been, can bear. If he chooses to embark on these terms, I shall be ready to receive him; but if he disgraces me and his family afterwards, by turning his back, I shall bury in total oblivion his alliance of blood, (which is no tie to me when unaccompanied by manly virtue,) and have no other feeling about him than I should have for any other indifferent person entrusted to my care, who acted in such a manner, as not to merit my esteem and regard. I forgot to mention, that after the first year, in which I expect he will become master of the theory of navigation, he must watch and do his duty with punctuality and alertness; and at least with as much precision as the best midshipman in the ship,—for I shall always exact more from a very near relative than from those I receive on recommendation. Henry is gone to his business again, but he has been rallied about his illness, and the plan to let the ship sail without him, as well as for carrying his new bought sword, unknown to me (I mean the purchase) to Longwood, as the officers tell him, to swagger before the shepherd-boys, and to cut the rabbits' heads off at their holes. He takes it all as I could wish him to do. I must beg you will never order him any clothes without my participation, for I shall make him wear his worst jacket through the winter; he must not, on any account be more expensive in dress or pocket money, than the others."

Sir John Jervis having become an admiral, was allowed to recommend a midshipman for promotion on striking his flag, and though surrounded by high-born candidates, he selected the friendless but well-conducted son of a poor lieutenant for advancement, and the admiral's reply to his letter of gratitude should be fixed in the memory of the chiefs of both services:—

"I named you for the lieutenant I was allowed to promote, because you had merited the good opinion of your superiors, and that you were the son of an old officer and worthy man, in no great affliction. A steady perseverance in that conduct which has now caused you to be thus distinguished, is the most likely means to carry you forward in your profession; for I trust that other officers of my rank will observe the maxim I do, to prefer the son of a brother officer, when deserving, before any other."

Though Jervis sought connubial happiness in 1783, he always considered marriage as the destruction of an officer. His sentiments on this subject were expressed on hoisting the flag of Vice-Admiral in 1793, when he chose his officers from his old followers:—

"The appointment of another previous follower,

Mr. Baynton, had been preceded by a trifle, which even now it is difficult to recollect without a smile. On the first report of Sir John Jervis being about to hoist his flag, Mr. Baynton applied to rejoin him; and daily watching the post for his reply, one morning he was astounded that it should be this rather churlish note:—Sir, You having thought fit to take to yourself a wife, are to look for no further attentions from Your humble servant, J. Jervis. Now, marriage most assuredly was, in Sir John Jervis's naval code, the nautical misdeemeanour; officers intending it he would call 'moonstruck.' But while loftier annals than these are alone fit to record how truly worthy, as a hero, Mr. Baynton was of his great patron; here it may be permitted to tell, how singularly similar, in their most sage principles of being wedded only to their profession, and how equal in unconquerable valour in maintaining them these mighty men were. Mr. Baynton too was fated to be smitten, and transgress. As yet, however, being only an officer after his admiral's own heart, and not yet a lunatic, his reply, in 'all astonishment,' that any one could imagine him capable of the crime, was, as has been since ascertained from himself, 'a request to know who could have so traduced him, and injured him in Sir John's opinion; for that he abhorred the idea as much as Sir John did.' And this was couched in language showing that he was but in right earnest in his protestations, and alarmed at his peril. Explanations followed; letters had been misdirected by Lady Jervis; and the officer, who had received the favourable answer intended for Mr. Baynton, was obliged to exchange it for the discouraging *coop*, to which he had rendered himself liable."

No man knew better how to appreciate bravery than Lord St. Vincent. Captain Faulknor, who afterwards fell nobly in action, having performed a dashing exploit in his presence, in command of the *Zebra*, was thus rewarded:—

"The signal being made to the *Zebra*, for her Captain; when he was seen approaching in his boat, Sir John ordered the Boyne's hands to be turned up, assembled all her officers, and placing himself at their head, he greeted the hero, at his first step on the Boyne's quarter-deck, with a commission promoting him to Post rank, addressing him, 'Captain Faulknor, by your daring courage this day, a French frigate has fallen into our hands. I have ordered her to be taken into our service; and here is your commission to command her, in which I have named her after yourself, sir, The Undaunted.'"

Lake Mæris—[*Mémoire sur le Lac Mæris*]. Par Linant de Bellefonds. Alexandrie, 1843.

A very obscure, though interesting point in the descriptions of Ancient Egypt, transmitted to us by the Greek and Latin writers, is cleared up by the author of this Memoir, in an unexpected, and, at the same time, perfectly satisfactory manner.

Herodotus, after remarking that the edifices and public works of Egypt far surpassed in costliness and magnitude those of Greece; that one of the Pyramids was, in this respect, equal to a number of the finest Greek temples taken together; and, again, that the Labyrinth was much superior to the Pyramids, goes on to say, that Lake Mæris, or (to use the historian's own expression) the Lake of Mæris, was a still more astonishing and admirable work than the Labyrinth. It was, he expressly tells us, not a natural sea or lake, but made with men's hands; it had a circuit of 3,600 stadia, or about 360 geographical miles;† it received the waters of the Nile during the season of inundation, and then flowed back again as the

* Never should the British navy be without an 'Undaunted,' whose figure-head should exhibit Capt. Faulknor's handsome bust.

† M. Linant assumes, to no purpose, that Herodotus here employs a *small* stadium. It may well be doubted whether the Greeks, inexact as they often were, ever blundered so systematically as to employ the same denomination of measure with different values; but here such an assumption is quite out of place, since it is in the very paragraph which contains the description of the Lake of Mæris, that Herodotus states his system of measures, from the palm upwards, and assigns 600 feet to the stadium.

river fell. Thus, it appears to have been constructed as a great reservoir, which moderated the floods, and likewise supplied water for irrigation in the dry season. Its general direction was from south to north, but it made an angle westwards, and was thought by the people to have a subterranean outlet to the Syrtis (Gulf of Sert). We know that Crocodilopolis, afterwards Arsinoë, the ruins of which lie at no great distance from Medinet, the capital of Fayûm, was on the shore of the Lake of Mœris; the Labyrinth, too, was not far from it. But what has become of that great sea? What traces remain of the works which supported such a body of water? Strange to say, no one traveller, or commissioned body of travellers, of all who have visited Egypt, has hitherto attempted to answer these inquiries, or has even engaged in a serious investigation of the difficulties here suggested. Some of the learned have supposed, that by the Lake of Mœris we are to understand the Bahr Yusef, or Joseph's Canal. Absurd supposition! why should Herodotus give the title of lake to a canal fifty yards wide? Why should he speak of its circumference? How could he say that it was 300 feet deep—that it had two pyramids in the midst of it, and was connected with the Nile by a canal? Others maintain that Lake or Birket Keirûn is the remnant of the Lake of Mœris. But this hypothesis, though generally received, is easily refuted. Lake Keirûn is not an artificial reservoir, but a natural receptacle of water; and, besides, it could never have communicated with the Nile.

This last point has been fully established by M. Linant. Filling a high post as engineer in the service of the Pasha, that gentleman has had ample opportunities of surveying carefully the valley of Fayûm, which lies within the Libyan hills, its opening towards the east being about six miles distant from the Nile. It is distinguishable into three terraces, the first and highest of which is the easternmost portion of the valley. At Awarat el Macta, near the entrance to the valley, the Bahr Yusef flows in a channel cut through the rock. This point, therefore, must be taken as an invariable level; the bed of the canal, where it receives its waters from the Nile, is 46 mètres (150 feet) higher. The second terrace is 7 mètres (23 feet) lower than the first, which it encompasses on the west and north. Beyond this, in the same direction, lies the third terrace, in the lowest part of which, towards the north-west, extends Birket Keirûn, 30 miles long and 6 or 8 in width. The surface of this great lake is 20 mètres, or 66 feet below the level of the second terrace, the soil and configuration of which show that it has never been under water. The supposition, therefore, that Birket Keirûn was the Lake of Mœris, and that it flowed one half of the year into the Nile, is quite inadmissible. M. Linant had arrived at the conviction that the site of the Lake of Mœris must be sought in the highest part of Fayûm, long before he detected any facts directly corroborative of his theory. At length, while resting one day in a ravine in Fayûm, he perceived something like the transverse section of a mound on the top of the banks on both sides, and recollecting that in the direction to which these pointed he had seen a similar appearance, he commenced an investigation which led him at once to the discovery of a great dam, obliterated in many places, but still so frequently traceable, that its general outline may be determined with certainty. It inclosed an area of about 150 square miles. The width of the dam at its base was, perhaps, about 200 feet. Its height above the level of the country outside (i. e. toward the north or west), is now about 30 feet, while it is hardly raised 7 feet above the

plain within. This difference of level between the internal and external plains has evidently been caused by the deposition of sediment from the waters of the lake. In short, the highest terrace of Fayûm is the site of Lake Mœris, and it owes its present elevation above the second terrace to that circumstance. M. Linant shows clearly that the outline which he has traced of the Lake of Mœris, coincides perfectly with the sites, of Crocodilopolis, for example, and the Labyrinth, connected with it by the ancients. He has also pointed out the remains of the two pyramids in the lake, described by Herodotus.

But we cannot enter into details of this kind; it will be sufficient to say, that M. Linant's discovery is complete in itself, and that, considering the amount of industry employed for nearly half a century in investigating the antiquities of Egypt, it may well take the learned world by surprise. But perhaps some may be dissatisfied with this discovery, because it represents Lake Mœris with only a fifth part of the circumference ascribed to it by Herodotus. We can only say, that the historian's mistake appears to us quite obvious: he allowed his imagination to eke out the defects of his positive knowledge. He visited the Labyrinth and the City of the Crocodiles, but where he crossed the lake the low dam which supported it on the north was below the visible horizon. Seeing, therefore, that the lake washed the Libyan hills on the east, he supposed it to be co-extensive with that range, to be behind the hills above Memphis, and thence to stretch away westwards. We here venture to differ from M. Linant's interpretation of the supposed western bend. With one more remark we shall conclude. It is generally supposed that Fayûm owes its name to Birket Keirûn; but this lake, which was anciently filled by the drainage of the Lake of Mœris, is in the desert; whereas, the name Fayûm is properly applied to the elevated and fertile portion of the valley. Is it not more probable, that when, from neglect and dilapidation, the dams of the Lake of Mœris gave way, and the water was drained off, the rich land thus recovered received from the Egyptians the natural appellation of Ph-iom, or the sea? Thus the name Fayûm would properly belong to the bed of the Lake of Mœris.

George Selwyn and his Contemporaries, with Memoirs and Notes. By J. H. Jesse. Vols. III. & IV. Bentley.

THE character given of this work on the appearance of the former volumes (*ante*, pp. 501, 526) applies, of course, to the present, and to the manner in which they are edited. It is true that here are displayed workings of feeling deeper, perhaps, than any which were revealed in the former series. George Selwyn's attachment for Mademoiselle Fagniani, and his schemes to obtain the guardianship of her, are constant topics with many of his correspondents. His health is spoken of as endangered by the suspense, and "Mie Mie" (the pet name of the child) approached as a person who must be propitiated by all who wished to stand well with her protector. Strange speculations on the trenches which may be ploughed in the heart of even the most polished and indifferent man of the world, are awakened by the whole story; to say nothing of the numberless glimpses it affords into a region of morals and sentiments unknown, we are happy to believe, to the middle classes. But, with this exception, and the more selfish Jeremiads of Lord Carlisle over his play-impaired finances, the correspondence is mostly, as before, elegantly turned and flavourless:—*lemonade* compared with the *champagne* of the Strawberry Letters. Nor has Mr. Jesse come one step nearer an understanding of

the duties of an editor since we last met him. He is learned in explaining, "for the benefit of country gentlemen," what *sortes Virgilianæ* mean, but still neglects names, and confuses dates, &c. on which our town memories want refreshing, with a carelessness hardly seen in print since the ill-fated Swinburne Correspondence was issued.

Our gleanings, then, from this collection cannot be of much value. The Honourable Henry St. John writes, with unction, of a "night-gown à la Dauphine," of a gauze bespoken for Madame Fagniani, and of the establishment of a "White's Club" at Mahon. The Honourable Charles James Fox finds Clarendon hard reading—his Lordship dead in style, and "a good deal of the old woman." Horace Walpole is prettily pleasant about lap-dogs, and bitterly scandalous in a new version of La Fontaine's "*fiancée du Roi de Garbe*." The Earl of Carlisle calls "dear George's" attention to an advertisement in the papers "to desire Lady Harrington would not disturb the audience at the playhouse with her snuffling gabble"; and here is a little of the Earl's morality about "dear Charles" (Fox), which is singularly illustrative of human instability when read as prologue to a series of confessions of play-debts and play-difficulties which follow:—

"It gives me great pain to hear that Charles begins to be unreasonably impatient at losing. I fear it is the prologue to much fretfulness of temper; for disappointment in raising money, and any serious reflections upon his situation, will (in spite of his affected spirits and dissipation, which sit very well upon Richard,) occasion him many disagreeable moments. They will be the more painful, when he reflects that he is not following the natural bent of his genius; for that would lead him to all serious inquiry and laudable pursuits, which he has in some measure neglected to hear Lord Bolingbroke's applause, and now is obliged to have recourse to it and play, to hinder him from thinking how he has perverted the ends for which he was born. I believe there never was a person yet created who had the faculty of reasoning like him. His judgments are never wrong; his decision is formed quicker than any man's I ever conversed with; and he never seems to mistake but in his own affairs. It is fair to think that he will not give his reason fair play in his own case. It seems to be very extraordinary that he can make his understanding useful to the whole world, but will not upon any account permit it to be of service to himself; and for his own private affairs he borrows one of some of the fools who tell him it is impossible but that, any morning he chooses, he may set his affairs right again. When he tells you that he will not talk to you upon his circumstances, he is certainly right; for if your head is not so much heated with chimerical schemes as his own, or if you are not prepared to hear of enchantment and miracles, you will never enter into his manner of reasoning, or derive any comfort from those resources which he brings into his picture. These he would willingly think are very near and on the fore-ground, but which to every other eye must appear flung far back in the distance."

Next, we will give a scrap of virtù, with the true Strawberry mark upon it:—

"York, Aug. 12th, 1772.
"Dear George,—I love to please you when it is in my power, and how can I please you more than by commanding Castle Howard? for though it is not the house that Jack built, yet you love even the cow with the crumpled horn that feeds in the meadow that belongs to the house that Jack's grandfather built. Indeed, I can say with exact truth, that I never was so agreeably astonished in my days as with the first vision of the whole place. I had heard of Vanbrugh, and how Sir Thomas Robinson and he stood spitting and swearing at one another; nay, I had heard of glorious views, and Lord Stafford alone had told me I should see one of the finest places in Yorkshire: but nobody, no, not *voilà partialité*, a Louis Quatorze would have called you, had informed me that I should at one view see a palace, a town, a fortified city, temples on high places, woods worthy

of being each a metropolis of the Druids, vales connected to hills by other woods, the noblest lawn in the world fenced by half the horizon, and a mausoleum that would tempt one to be buried alive; in short, I have seen gigantic places before, but never a sublime one. For the house, Vanbrugh has even shown taste in its extent and cupolas, and has mercifully omitted ponderosity. Sir Thomas's front is beautiful without, and except in one or two spots, has not a bad effect, and I think, without much effort of genius, or much expense, might be tolerably harmonized with the rest. The spaces within are noble, and were wanted; even the hall being too small. Now I am got into the hall, I must beg, when you are in it next, to read Lord Carlisle's verses on Gray, and then write somewhere under the story of Phaeton these lines, which I ought to have made extempore, but did not till I was half way back hither:

Carlisle, expunge the form of Phaeton;
Assume the car, and grace it with thy own,
For Phæbus owns in thee no falling sun.

"Oh! George, were I such a poet as your friend, and possessed such a Parnassus, I would instantly scratch my name out of the buttery-book of Almack's; be admitted, *ad eundem*, among the muses; and save every doir to lay out in making a Helicon, and finishing my palace. I found my Lord Northampton: his name is on his picture, though they showed me his nephew Suffolk's portrait, who was much fatter, for his. There is a delicious whole-length of Queen Mary, with all her folly in her face and her hand and a thousand other things, which I long to talk over with you. When you write to Spa, pray thank Lord Carlisle for the great civilities I received here. The housekeeper showed me and told me everything, and even was so kind as to fetch Rosette a basin of water, which completed the conquest of my heart. Wine I was offered, and fruit was heaped on me, and even dinner was tendered; in short, I never passed a day more to my content. I only wanted you, and I should have been as happy as I was at Icaux; you know my ecstasies when I am really pleased. By the end of next week I shall be in town, and hope to find you there, that we may satisfy both ourselves with larger details. When I mentioned the attentions paid to me, I am ungrateful to forget the sun, who was complaisance itself, shone all day, gilt an hundred haycocks that were spread over the great lawn, and illuminated the mausoleum during my dinner. And now, will you tell me that Lord Carlisle is not nearer related to him than some folks thought? Let me tell you, this is much better authenticated than his lordship's priority to Howard of Corbie, in which you are mistaken, and so good night. Yours most cordially, HOR. WALPOLE."

Bishop Warburton, and that seldom-seen-or-heard-of personage, the Bishop's Lady, shortly afterwards figure in the correspondence, Selwyn having lent the latter his house during a time of convalescence. The Earl of March, in five lines, fills off "some bad news from Boston," which ended in the loss of the United States. Mr. Brodric counts up the names of the Parisian wits, quotes the then prices of French silk-stockings—fifteen livres a pair!—and Walpole, also in Paris, detects an Englishwoman at the French opera by her heap of plumes and her want of rouge, adding a sketch of one of his "dear old blind woman's" new friends:—

"A Madame de Marchais. She is not perfectly young, has a face like a Jew pedlar, her person is about four feet, her head about six, and her *coiffure* about ten. Her forehead, chin, and neck, are whiter than a miller's; and she wears more festoons of natural flowers than all the *figurantes* at the Opera. Her eloquence is still more abundant, her *attentions* exuberant, She talks volumes, writes folios—I mean in *billets*; presides over the *Académie*, inspires passions, and has not time enough to heal a quarter of the wounds she gives. She has a house in a nutshell, that is fuller of invention than a fairy tale; her bed stands in the middle of the room, because there is no other space that would hold it; it is surrounded by such a perspective of looking-glasses, that you may see all that passes in it from the first antechamber."

Shortly after this, we find the Lord of Castle Howard provoked at Sir Joshua sending home

some portraits before it was convenient to pay for them. Then he loses 10,000*l.*, it appears, at one sitting; on which occasion the following repentant comments suggested themselves:—

"There is no argument or reasoning in your letter that I can attempt to controvert; there is no idea in it that does not perfectly coincide with mine; I own, and submit to the truth of it. Brought up to no profession, I have only to regret that no road of that kind is open to me; that, at the same time I was retrieving my affairs, I was adding to my reputation. I do protest to you, that I am so tired of my present manner of passing my time—however I may be kept in countenance by the number of those of my own rank and superior fortune—that I never reflect on it without shame. If they will employ me in any part of the world, I will accept the employment, let it tear me, as it will, from everything dear to me in this country. My friends and my family have a right to call upon me for the sacrifice, and I will submit to it with the resolution of a man. I would have held this language to others, but the discovery of my intentions might (instead of procuring me what my rank and birth entitle me in some measure to expect) have obtained for me, perhaps, the consulship of Smyrna! If any of our expectations should be gratified in the winter, I cannot expect anything sufficient to balance the expenses of living in London. If I accept anything, I must attend Parliament—I must live in London. If I am not treated with consideration I can live here; if that can be called living, which is wasting the best years of my life in obscurity; without society to dispel the gloom of a northern climate; left to myself to brood over my follies and indiscretions; to see my children deprived of education by those follies and indiscretions; to be forgotten; to lose my temper; to be neglected; to become cross and morose to those whom I have most reason to love! Except that the welfare and interest of others depend upon my existence,—I should not wish that existence to be of long duration."

The next letter—and the last on which we shall pause, is one from kind Mr. Storer, containing confirmation strong of the popular belief that George Selwyn loved "a hanging," which, it will be remembered, Mr. Jesse, in his introductory preface, did his best to disprove. The opening strikes us as whimsically artless:—

"I should be very inclinable to obey your commands, which Lord March delivered me, respecting the fate of the unfortunate divine, but though an eyewitness of his execution, as I never was at one before, I hardly know what to say respecting his behaviour. Another was executed at the same time with him, who seemed hardly to engage one's attention sufficiently to make one draw any comparison between him and Dodd. Upon the whole, the piece was not very full of events. The Doctor, to all appearance, was rendered perfectly stupid from despair. His hat was flapped all round, and pulled over his eyes, which were never directed to any object around, nor even raised, except now and then lifted up in the course of his prayers. He came in a coach, and a very heavy shower of rain fell just upon his entering the cart, and another just at his putting on his night-cap. He was a considerable time in praying, which some people standing about seemed rather tired with: they rather wished for some more interesting part of the tragedy. The wind, which was high, blew off his hat, which rather embarrassed him, and discovered to us his countenance, which we could scarcely see before. His hat, however, was soon restored to him, and he went on with his prayers. There were two clergymen attending him, one of whom seemed very much affected. The other, I suppose was the ordinary of Newgate, as he was perfectly indifferent and unfeeling in every thing that he said and did. The executioner took both the hat and wig off at the same time. Why he put on his wig again I do not know, but he did, and the Doctor took off his wig a second time, and then tied on a night-cap which did not fit him; but whether he stretched that, or took another, I could not perceive. He then put on his night-cap himself, and upon his taking it he certainly had a smile on his countenance, and very soon afterwards there was an end of all his hopes and fears on this side the grave. He never moved from the place he first took in the cart; seemed absorbed in despair, and utterly de-

jected, without any other signs of animation but in praying. I know the same thing strikes different people different ways, but thus he seemed to me, and I was very near. A vast number of people were collected, as you may imagine. I stayed till he was cut down, and put into the hearse. I am afraid my account cannot be very satisfactory to you, but I really do not conceive an execution with so few incidents could possibly happen; at least, my imagination had made it a thing more full of events than I found this to be. Adieu, my dear George."

With this, we must close our extracts for the week. Enough remains for another notice.

Fulton and Steam Navigation—Memoirs of Edward Cartwright, &c.

IN our recent notices of Dr. Cartwright's biography, we omitted a subject of interest and historical value, because it occurs somewhat accidentally in that biography, forming, indeed, an episode in which Dr. Cartwright is hardly more than a passive spectator. The subject of that episode is the American Fulton and the invention of steam navigation. The correspondence of Mr. Fulton is one of the most interesting parts of the volume, both as throwing light upon the character of that extraordinary man, and as furnishing us with facts and dates of value in the history of the invention of steam navigation. Indeed, the character of Fulton is not sufficiently estimated or understood in this country; chiefly, we believe, because his claims to the invention of steam navigation have been matter of national dispute between America and Britain; and, as usual, there has been awakened in the controversy so much party feeling, that the dispute has been conducted with a warmth, and even acrimony, by no means favourable to a clear and impartial view of historical truth. On the one hand, Fulton has been put forward as the exclusive inventor of steam navigation; the sole heir to the gratitude of posterity; the only man endowed with the talents, science, experience, and foresight equal to the achievement of so great a revolution. This exaggeration—not unnatural—of the merits of a countryman, has led, not less unfairly or less naturally, to the injustice, on the other hand, of denying him all share of merit; of reporting him merely as a copyist,—as a man of successful enterprise and commercial speculation, and in no way entitled to our respect or gratitude. This is the unhappy—would it were the unusual—effect of controversial writing. We desire to embrace the opportunity which the publication of these letters gives us of considering Fulton's character apart from these controversies, and of presenting his claims to the kindly feelings and estimation of our countrymen, as a man of high talent, refined taste, enlightened and generous views, who, originally descended from this country, spent many years of his life among us, mingled in the stirring scenes of an eventful period of our history, and was, finally, to his own country that great benefactor who introduced there, most unquestionably, a new element of transport admirably suited to the geographical constitution and historical position of his young and rapidly advancing country.

The life of Fulton contains few events of importance until the period when this memoir introduces him to our notice. Ambitious both of fortune and of knowledge, he was the founder of his own fortune, and his own schoolmaster—important elements in the formation of character. His father was a native of Kilkenny, and his mother of Irish extraction: he lost the former when three years old, and enjoyed the blessing of an affectionate mother's care till he attained the age of twenty-one. His natural disposition unchecked, led him to adopt the profession of a painter, which he practised in

Philadelphia, where he was noticed by Franklin; and so considerable were his talents in art that he was recommended to set out for England, and push his fortune in London. West, the painter, patronized his young countryman, took him into his house, and became his friend; but art does not appear to have occupied his mind or his time further than as the means of respectable subsistence—a purpose which, for some years, it answered sufficiently well. He had, however, imbibed the true spirit of an artist; for in the wealthier years of a prosperous life, he made strong efforts to imbue his countrymen with a love of art, and to establish among them high standards of art.

But it is as an engineer, rather than as a painter, that the world has to do with Mr. Fulton. He came to London at the age of twenty-one, in the year 1787; and he does not appear to have assumed any other functions than those of the artist until 1794, when he took out a patent for certain expedients in canal navigation! and soon after (1796) published a work on canals, exhibiting great originality, and no little invention, science, and sagacity. He proposed a system of small canals, instead of large ones, to be navigated by light small boats of a few tons' weight. These canals he proposed to accommodate to the inequalities of the country by means of vertical lifts and double inclined planes, to be worked by water. Had his views been carried into effect, and had experience of these canals pointed out what recent researches have discovered, that high velocities may be obtained on small canals at a much less expenditure of power than low velocities on large canals, then, in all probability, a system of communication might by this time have been created to rival railways in velocity, and to excel them in economy both of power and cost of transit.

From this time it seems that Fulton ceased his practice as an artist, and devoted himself wholly to the employments of engineer and mechanist; but we have not been able to meet with any records of his labours as an engineer, if we except the volume on canals, and some patents for rope-spinning and flax-spinning, a machine for sawing marble, and the mechanical dredging scoop, still used extensively both in England and Ireland for clearing canals and harbours, which his American eulogist attributes to him. The prosecution of his inventions soon afterwards (in 1797) led him to France.

It is here that the biography of Cartwright helps us out with the history of Fulton and of steam navigation. The following passage introduces us very agreeably to the company of two amiable and distinguished men. In 1796, Mr. Cartwright removed to London with his family, and the scene of the following description is in this city:—

"By his removal to the metropolis, Mr. Cartwright enlarged the sphere of his acquaintance amongst men of ingenuity and science, and his house again became the resort of projectors, of various merits and pretensions. His own manners were peculiarly calculated to make his society coveted where his talents were admired. No man who knew so much was so little pertentious in conversation; he had a thorough contempt for arrogance, and was remarkable for his openness and freedom from jealousy towards rival and contemporary projectors. The coincidence of their respective views produced, instead of rivalry, intimacy and friendship between two such projectors; and Mr. Fulton's vivacity of character and original way of thinking, rendered him a welcome guest at Mr. Cartwright's house. The practicability of steam navigation, with the most feasible mode of effecting it, became a frequent subject of discourse. The writer of these memoirs has now to regret, amongst many other neglected opportunities of acquiring knowledge, that, from the carelessness of youth, such a degree of attention was not given at the time to these discussions as might have thrown considerable light upon a

subject since become of such universal interest. Who could then contemplate... that speculations apparently so chimerical should have been realized to their present wonderful extent? It is not assumed that Mr. Fulton, even with Mr. Cartwright's assistance, had at that time brought his plan of a steam-boat to any degree of maturity; but it is believed that neither of these gentlemen were then aware of any other person having advanced towards steam navigation as far as themselves... It is, however, well known, that Mr. Cartwright did construct the model of a boat, which, being wound up like a clock, moved on the water, so as to prove the experiment in a manner satisfactory to the inventor."

These statements prove little more than that Fulton and Cartwright were on a footing of familiar intercourse, and conversed together frequently on mechanical matters. They serve, however, as an introduction to the correspondence which followed this personal intercourse, and give us a key to some of the allusions contained in it.

It was in France that Mr. Fulton's career first became attended with distinction and importance. We find him, in 1797, in Paris, where he continued to reside for the next seven years, in the bosom of a family to whom he was endeared by a lasting and changeless friendship, and where he met with the sympathy, appreciation, and co-operation, so conducive to the peace of a man of genius, yet so rarely enjoyed by them to the same extent as in this instance. In this asylum he engaged in studies of a kind well suited to discipline his mind, and furnish it with instruments of future achievement. The following picture of this happy period of mixed repose and activity, we have taken from the account of one who participated in the enjoyments of this peaceful scene:—

"Here commenced that strong affection, that devoted attachment, that real friendship, which subsisted in a most extraordinary degree between Mr. Barlow and Mr. Fulton during their lives. Soon after Mr. Fulton's arrival in Paris, Mr. Barlow removed to his own hotel, and invited Mr. Fulton to reside with him. Mr. Fulton lived seven years in Mr. Barlow's family, during which time he learnt the French, and something of the Italian and German languages. He also studied the higher mathematics, physics, chemistry, &c., and those sciences which aided his natural genius in attaining that superiority which he afterwards displayed over those who, with some talents and without any sort of science, have pretended to be his rivals."

There is no sufficient reason to doubt that Mr. Fulton discovered some means of submarine navigation, though, as the plan was never published, this extraordinary invention has been lost to society; that he actually constructed and used with success, a vessel capable both of sailing on the surface of the water and of descending below to any desired depth, remaining any given time, without inconvenience to passengers. He could regulate his ascent or descent, and controul the motion, in velocity and direction, so as to move with as great ease and certainty below as upon the surface. The following facts enable us to form some estimate of the degree of success which his system had attained:—

"On the 26th of July, 1801, he weighed his anchor and hoisted his sails; his boat had one mast, a mainsail, and a jib. There was only a light breeze, and she did not move on the surface more than two miles an hour; but it was found that she would tack and steer, and sail on a wind, or before it, as well as any common sailing boat. He then struck her masts and sails, to do which and perfectly to prepare the boat for plunging, required about two minutes. Having plunged to a certain depth, he placed two men at the engine intended to give her progressive motion, and one at the helm, while he, with a barometer, before him, governed the machine which kept her balanced between the upper and lower waters. He found, that with the exertion of one hand only he could keep her at any depth he pleased. The propelling engine was then put in motion, and he

found upon coming to the surface that he had, in about seven minutes, made a progress of above four hundred yards. He then again plunged, turned her round when under water, and returned to near the place he began to move from. He repeated his experiments several days successively, until he became familiar with the operation of the machinery and the movements of the boat. He found that she was as obedient to the helm under water, as any boat could be on the surface. In the next experiment he descended, with three companions, and remained there for four hours and twenty minutes! at the expiration of this time he came to the surface without having experienced any inconvenience from having been so long under water."

This species of ship he appropriately named the *Nautilus*, and a careful examination of Professor Owen's description of the *Nautilus* might materially assist the inventor of any apparatus destined for a similar use.

Having discovered the means of descending at pleasure beneath the surface of the ocean, and of moving in that element whithersoever he would, Mr. Fulton next attempted to derive useful, practical results from this new faculty, of moving unseen, and his first application of it was to the uses of warfare. He invented missiles and projectiles of various kinds suited to this new element, and gave to them the name of torpedoes; these appear to have been shells charged with gunpowder in large quantity, capable of being propelled through water by the mechanism which they contained, and so designed as to explode whenever they had traversed a given distance. By this means he succeeded in blowing up vessels made the subject of experiment, one in France, another off Walmer Castle, and finally one in his own country. But he had those difficulties to contend with which are common to all inventors of new methods and systems—prejudice, interest, ignorance, and inexperience. The effect, however, produced by his experiments was such, that there is every reason to suppose that the invention, or at least his non-intervention, was purchased by Government. On this subject Dr. Cartwright's Memoir has the following passage:—

"The British Ministry did not think it unworthy of inquiry how far Mr. Fulton's pretension to success, in so formidable an art, was well-founded or not. Mr. Cartwright, who was probably in full possession of Mr. Fulton's secret, and no less impressed than Earl Stanhope with the notion of its dangerous content, was consulted in this inquiry. On the renewal of the war, Mr. Fulton's neutrality, at least, was considered worth the purchase; and Mr. Cartwright was appointed one of the arbitrators to settle the terms upon which Mr. Fulton consented to the suppression of his secret. The terms of the award were probably satisfactory to Mr. Fulton."

These facts, if authentic, are important, and are omitted in the American biography of Fulton.

The claims of Mr. Fulton, or rather the claims made for him by his friends (for we have no evidence that he claimed to be considered the inventor of steam navigation), have been the subject of disputes between the partisans of Fulton and of rival claimants, in his own country and between America and England. Oliver Evans, Fitch, Rumsey, Livingstone, Stevens—all in America—had not only conceived the idea of navigating vessels by steam, but had actually embodied their ideas in working steam-boats with more or less success; while in other countries, as in England, the idea was not only entertained, but full descriptions and engravings of the principle and mode of operation were published as early as 1737, and sold in London for sixpence; and in Scotland two steam-vessels had been propelled with success, one in the year 1788 and the other in 1789, and a third, larger than the former, was afterwards constructed with still greater success, in 1802. In all these expe-

riments something like six miles an hour was the velocity attained, and full accounts of their success were published in the prints of the day; they were matters of notoriety. The whole design of a steam-vessel, propelled as now by paddle-wheels, was conceived by Hulls in England, in 1787, and executed on three different scales of magnitude in Scotland, in 1788, 1789, and 1802, by Miller, Taylor, and Symington. We shall be able, from the documents before us, to arrange these claims in their respective places with regard to Mr. Fulton.

It is plain, therefore, that after the dates 1788 and 1789, the construction of boats propelled by steam, at the rate of five and six miles an hour, having been accomplished, and ample accounts of their performances in the public prints having rendered their success matter of notoriety, the subject was one of frequent and interesting discussion among scientific men and inventors in Great Britain. We accordingly find Earl Stanhope, Mr. Cartwright, and others, devoting their attention to this subject, and already engaged in experiments. It was in 1787 that Mr. Fulton came to this country,—consequently he was here at the very time when these early steam-boats were constructed, and when every one interested in mechanical matters, and associating with mechanical men, must have been aware of the steps which had been taken in so interesting and fascinating a subject for mechanical ingenuity. It was not till 1797 that Mr. Fulton left this country to reside in France. The biographer of Dr. Cartwright accordingly shows us, that the subject occupied both the attention of Cartwright and that of his young friend Fulton. He says, "Mr. Cartwright did construct the model of a boat, which, being wound up like a clock, moved on the water, so as to prove the experiment in a manner satisfactory to the inventor;" and again, "At this time, also, navigating by steam was one of Mr. Cartwright's favourite projects, and he conceived that his newly-invented steam-engine might be made applicable to that purpose." Further, "Mr. Fulton's vivacity of character and original way of thinking, rendered him a welcome guest at Mr. Cartwright's house. The practicability of steam navigation, with the most feasible mode of effecting it, became a frequent subject of discourse." It is plain, then, that as far as the general scheme of navigation by steam was understood at that time, it was discussed by Fulton in common with others.

A letter from Lord Stanhope to Mr. Fulton has been added by his biographer, and proves, as we have already stated, that the subject was then one of frequent discussion. Lord Stanhope writes from Holdsworth, Devon, 7th Oct. 1793: "Sir,—I have received yours of the thirtieth of September, in which you propose to communicate to me the principles of an invention, which you say you have discovered, respecting the moving of ships by steam. It is a subject on which I have made important discoveries. I shall be glad to receive the communication which you intend, as I have made the principles of mechanics my particular study," &c. It is plain, from the terms of this letter, that neither Mr. Fulton nor Lord Stanhope at this time spoke of steam navigation as a thing to be invented—neither alluded to the invention of steam navigation, but the invention and discovery of something *respecting* steam navigation: just as at the present time we have frequent announcements of new inventions, discoveries, and improvements in steam navigation, concerning generally either some change in the engine, or in the ship, or the paddle-wheels, or some other modification of parts. This distinction between the invention of the art itself and

the invention of something concerning the art, is of some importance, and we shall find it of use to us in weighing the value and understanding the true tenor of the following correspondence.

Carrying with us this estimate of the amount of information possessed at that period by mechanical men in England regarding the invention of steam navigation, and of the extent to which the attention of inventors was directed towards the improvement of its details, so as to contribute to its perfection and introduction into general usefulness, we shall now follow Mr. Fulton to France, in 1797; whence we find him writing to his friend Cartwright, as follows:—

"Paris, Sept. 20, 1797.

"I have not had an opportunity of answering your letter of the 20th August until now. I am much pleased with your mode of making houses fire-proof, and should be happy to see it extended to America. * * My idea of many of those things which may be considered as only the overflowings of your mind, is to convert them into cash, and adhere firmly, even without partners, to some of your more important objects, such as the steam-engine, boat moving by steam, or cordelier. I have a great objection to partners. I never would have but one, if I could help it, and that should be a wife," &c.

"R. FULTON."

Hitherto, therefore, it appears that we are to regard the inventions already alluded to, concerning steam navigation, and indeed the whole subject, as far as it was matter of intercourse between Fulton and Cartwright, as belonging to the latter almost exclusively.

In the following year, however, we find Fulton engaged in experiments having an immediate relation to steam navigation—namely, a mode of propelling through the water by means of a fly or smoke-jack, not unlike the Archimedean screw in its mode of action.

"Paris, February 16, 1798.

"I have received yours of December 11th, at which time you could not have received my last letter, which was dated December 8th. You speak of expecting my return, but that, I fear, is very doubtful, in consequence of the delays at the patent office, the approaching period when I must necessarily return to America, and the difficulty of obtaining a passport from hence to England. * * Works of magnitude I find cannot be hurried. It would give me much pleasure to make the produce of your mind productive to you. You will, therefore, consider what part of your inventions I may be intrusted with. The steam-engine, I hope, may be made useful in cutting canals and moving boats, so that it will be directly in my line of business. By the bye, I have just proved an experiment on moving boats, with a fly of four parts, similar to that of a smoke-jack. * * I find this apply the power to great advantage, and it is extremely simple. The patent law is now altering, but I fear the price will not be reduced; yet the payments will, perhaps, be made easy, by being 20l. a-year for three years. My small canals are making many friends, which business I shall leave in the hands of a company. The celebrated Montgolfier has just made a great discovery in hydraulics; it is a means of raising water from the beds of rivers, by the simple movement of the stream, without either pump or wheel. I know him well, and have seen his model frequently at work. It is forty feet high, and consisting of only two tubes, extremely simple. I also have been contriving a curious machine for mending the system of politics, and applying manual labour to advantage. Of these two inventions I will send you sketches before my departure.—Believe me, &c.

"ROBT. FULTON."

The mode of propelling, here incidentally mentioned as the subject of experiment, does not appear to have had the application of steam to navigation as its principal object, if indeed as its object at all, for the writer was then actively occupied with the endeavour to obtain the means by which his submarine or diving boat might be urged through the water by the power of the men within it.

It is not, indeed, until 1802 that we find him applying his powers of invention directly to the application of the steam-engine for the purpose of propelling passage-boats through the water; then, indeed, he appears to have taken up the matter in earnest. The circumstances which now, for the first time, induced him to do so, are as follows. Mr. Livingstone had just come over from America, where the general question of steam navigation had been entertained by the legislature of New York, and where Mr. Livingstone had himself constructed a steam-vessel, which, however, failed to attain the required minimum speed of four miles an hour. When Mr. Livingstone arrived in France, as minister from the United States, "he communicated to Mr. Fulton the importance of steam-boats to their common country; informed him of what had been attempted in America, and of his resolution to resume the pursuit on his return, and advised him (Mr. Fulton) to turn his attention to the subject. It was agreed between them to embark in the enterprise, and immediately to make such experiments as would enable them to determine how far, in spite of former failures, the object was attainable: the principal direction of these experiments was left to Mr. Fulton, who united, in a very considerable degree, practical to a theoretical knowledge of mechanics." From this time Mr. Fulton appears to have zealously directed his attention to the subject, as we are warranted to infer from the following letter to Dr. Cartwright:—

"Paris, 10th March, 1802.

"My good Friend,—Be so kind as to let me know how you have succeeded in your steam-engine. To what state of perfection you have brought it? What will one of a six-horse power, making a three or four foot stroke, cost? How much will it weigh? How much space will it require when rendered as compact as possible? What weight and value of coals will it consume per hour? And how soon can it be made?—I think you once mentioned to me your intention to use spirits of wine, and that you would obtain a power of at least thirty pounds to the square inch? Have you succeeded in these great objects? The object of these inquiries is to make part of an examination on the possibility of moving boats of about six or seven tons by steam-engine, and your engine I conceive best calculated for such a work, particularly as the condenser may always have the advantage of cold water without adding much to the weight of the boat; and having the advantage of cold water may enable you to work with ardent spirits, and produce the desired elasticity of steam with one-half the heat—hence, in calculating the weight of the whole apparatus, the weight of the condensing water will be trifling: it is therefore the weight of the engine and the fluid in the boiler which are to be calculated. For this object I believe the engine should be double, with the steam acting on the top and bottom of the piston, or in two cylinders, the one ascending while the other descends. For the particular case, where such a boat is wanted, I believe it is of more importance to have a light and compact engine, than to have too much regard to the economy of fuel, unless the additional weight of the fuel to go twenty miles would be more than the additional weight of the engine to economize the heat. To gain power in a smaller space, how would it answer to make the boiler sufficiently strong to heat the steam to two atmospheres, or thirty pounds to the square inch? thus a cylinder of six inches would give a purchase of 300 lb.; that is 900 lb. constant purchase, which is about the run of my demand. As for example, 3 lb. will draw a piece of timber twenty feet long which presents a butt end of one foot square at the speed of—

| | 1 mile per hour. |
|-------------|------------------|
| 12 pounds 2 | ditto. |
| 48 " 4 | ditto. |
| 96 " 6 | ditto. |
| 120 " 7 | ditto. |

Now supposing my boat to be forty feet long and five feet wide—boat, passengers and engine, weighing six tons—it will present a front of about six feet resistance, or 720 lb. purchase: to run such a boat 7 miles per hour—

suppose the boat to weigh.....2 tons.
30 passengers, with their baggage.....3
5

one ton is left for the engine and machinery. From this calculation you will be able to judge what can be done by your invention; and if by your means I can perfect my plan, I have got a good opportunity of rendering your engine productive to you, and it will give me pleasure to do so. You will be so good as write to me as soon as possible, answering in a particular manner the questions stated, with any observations you think proper and will be so good as to make on my proposed attempt.

"ROBERT FULTON."

These are the shrewd calculations of a sagacious inventor, and indeed the whole of his progress in this matter exhibits no ordinary degree of practical sagacity. It is not, however, to be wondered that Fulton did not at first select, from among the many methods that presented themselves to him, all the true elements of success. He seems to have tried many methods of propelling, rather than adopt the paddle-wheels which Miller used in 1788, and which all men use in 1843. But he set about it in a proper spirit, and prosecuted his inquiries in a sound philosophical method. Three separate subjects appear to have occupied his attention; 1, the construction of a suitable vessel; 2, the adoption of an appropriate steam-engine; 3, the most efficient mechanism for propelling. It is interesting to follow the development of his ideas in these several departments; and first, of the paddle-wheel as a means of propulsion. Like many ingenious men in his time and ours, Mr. Fulton appears to have found great difficulty in reconciling his mind to the use of so simple and obvious an expedient as the ordinary water-wheel. Paddles, oars, ducks'-feet, chains, chaplets, smoke-jacks, flies, screws, and jets—anything less known or less simple—appear to have possessed, and to possess, greater charms for the inventive mind, than the simple wheel now, and then, so effectively used. Practical experiment and some science at last convinced Mr. Fulton of his errors on this head, and induced him to acquiesce in the adoption of the paddle-wheel of old Mr. Miller.

Many of these experiments were made on a small scale, and the examples we have seen of his methods of operation impress us with a high idea both of the fertility of his resources and the soundness of his judgment. In the spring of 1802 he accompanied an invalid friend to Plombières, through which village there ran a small rivulet, and on this rivulet he made an extensive course of experiments with his ingenious models. But this course of experiments was not concluded without an *experimentum crucis* on a scale large enough for practical purposes. A boat was constructed, sixty-six feet in length and eight feet wide, and was nearly ready for experiment early in the spring of 1803: and Fulton was on the point of making an experiment with her, when one morning as he was rising from a bed on which anxiety had given him little rest, a messenger presented himself, and exclaimed in accents of despair, "Sir, the boat is broken in pieces and gone to the bottom." Mr. Fulton who related the anecdote, declared that this news created a despondency which he had never felt on any other occasion. Upon examination he found that the boat had been too weakly framed to bear the weight of the machinery, and that, in consequence of the agitation of the river by the wind of the previous evening, what the messenger had represented, had literally happened—the boat had broken in two, and the weight of the machinery had carried her fragments to the bottom. His disappointment did not check his perseverance; on the very day that his misfortune happened, he commenced to repair it, and to

labour with his own hands to raise the boat, working for four-and-twenty hours without interruption. They were obliged almost entirely to rebuild the boat, which was accomplished in the month of July, 1803.

It was in August, 1803, that a conclusive experiment was made with his boat. It took place in the presence of the French Institute, and of a multitude of Parisians. The French were so grateful for this exhibition, that they called their early steam-boats on the Seine, twenty years afterwards, Fulton-boats. The American biographer states that in this experiment the boat did not move with so much speed as Mr. Fulton expected; "but he imputed her moving so slowly to the extremely defective fabrication of the machinery, and to imperfections which were to be expected in the first experiment with so complicated a machine."

Here we find an inconsistency in the American biographer's statements.—"Mr. Livingstone," he says, "also wrote immediately after this experiment to his friends in this country, (America) and through their interference, an Act was passed by the Legislature of the state of New York on the 5th of April, 1803, by which the rights and exclusive privileges of navigating all the waters of this state, by vessels propelled by fire or steam, granted to Mr. Livingstone by the Act of 1798, which we have before mentioned, were extended to Mr. Livingstone and Mr. Fulton for the term of twenty years from the date of the new Act." Now this implies an impossibility: the experiment is stated to have been made in August, 1803; the application to have been subsequently and in consequence of the experiment, and yet the Act so applied for passed in April—four months before the experiment! We therefore must conclude that the application for the Act had nothing to do with the experiment, or that the date of the Act was later; say 1804, instead of 1803.

It would have been interesting to know the exact velocity attained by this first steam-boat, and to have learnt something regarding the construction of the engine, but on these points the American biographer is silent. As the velocity of Fulton's next and improved vessel was four miles an hour, it may be inferred that this, which fell so far short of his expectation, was considerably less.

With this experiment, though unsuccessful, yet not unprofitable in instruction to the inventor, ended Mr. Fulton's European experiments in steam navigation. He went to France in 1797. For six years he was chiefly occupied in attempts to introduce submarine navigation and submarine warfare, and the experiments on steam were but an episode. His plans of warfare alarmed the English, although they did not obtain confidence or substantial encouragement from the French; and in 1803 Fulton engaged in negotiations with the British government, and came over to this country, the result of which, as Mr. Cartwright's biographer informs us, was the purchase of his neutrality by England. After spending some years in this country, Mr. Fulton embarked at Falmouth in October, and arrived at New York on the 13th December, 1806.

We have thus the following dates:—

| | | |
|-----------------------|------|--------------|
| Mr. Fulton in England | 1797 | Ten years. |
| — in France | 1797 | |
| — in England | 1804 | Seven years. |
| — in England | 1804 | |
| — in England | 1806 | Two years. |

Mr. Fulton returned to America in the end of 1806.

In this latter visit to England he appears to have accomplished two important objects. He saw the steam-vessel built by Symington for Lord Dundas, and which moved along the Forth and Clyde Canal at the rate of nearly six miles

an hour. This vessel was the third constructed by that ingenious man, and was propelled by the common paddle-wheel, driven by a cranked axle, as now in use. This must have fully established Mr. Fulton in his conviction of the practicability and success of such a method of propulsion by steam. We accordingly find that his next important step was to order from the manufactory of Messrs. Watt & Bolton, at Soho, a steam-engine suited to the purpose of propelling a boat by means of a cranked axle and paddle-wheel, and directing it to be sent out to him in America.

In 1807, we find Mr. Fulton established as a citizen of New York—and already embarked in the speculation of his first American steamer. His friend, Mr. Livingstone, appears pecuniarily to have embarked with him. Fulton, however, was sole contriver of all the arrangements. In 1807, the *Clermont* was launched on the Hudson, with the steam-engine of Messrs. Watt & Bolton; she was tried, and achieved five miles an hour. The *Clermont's* next voyage was a trip of one hundred and fifty miles and back—three hundred miles, to Albany and back, without accident—at the mean rate of five miles an hour; a feat truly wonderful—exhibiting in the mind which superintended the combination no common degree of sagacity, judgment, and foresight.

Mr. Fulton's genius was at last triumphant—his fame and his fortune were established. His country received, at his hands, benefits incalculable—a vehicle of locomotion admirably suited to the young resources and natural advantages of that extensive and fertile continent. The inventions of Watt, Miller, Taylor, Symington, find their consummation as elements of the combination achieved by Mr. Fulton, and have become practical elements in the history of modern society. *America received the benefit with alacrity, honoured the benefactor while he lived, provided for his family when he died, and now justly glories in his memory.*

In this country, there still survive the widow of Taylor, one of the three British inventors of steam navigation—the widow of Bell, the first practical introducer of steam navigation in these islands—and the son of Watt. To these men, this country owes incalculable benefits, immeasurable gratitude—some of the most wealthy and powerful men in the empire, even the Prime Minister of England, owes his wealth and power to one of these inventors. What honour has the son of Watt received at the hands of his country? What tokens of gratitude have these poor widows, impoverished by that whereon we have become rich, received from a generous country? *Ingratitude, shame and wealth are ours—these only.* Here, indeed, America has shown us a worthy example, as yet—probably for ever to be—without imitation.

On the whole, the impression produced on us by the history of Mr. Fulton is, that he was worthy to convey to his country so great a blessing as the art of steam navigation. He appears to have been a man of unquestionable talent, and indefatigable industry: placing a high value on scientific knowledge, he took the trouble to acquire it—he applied it successfully to practical use, not rashly, but regarding with a due value the gradual acquisition of practical and experimental knowledge to aid him in the application—shrewd and far-seeing, he yet possessed sufficient enthusiasm to carry him through the difficulties of enterprises, so new and arduous as those which engaged his active mind. His views regarding his inventions were benevolent and patriotic, with little of mere selfishness or petty ambition. He appears to have prosecuted his aims with singleness of purpose and sincerity. He was amiable, honour-

able, and beloved—an honour to his country and to ours.

Remarks on English Churches, and on the Expediency of rendering Sepulchral Monuments subservient to Pious and Christian Uses. By J. H. Markland, F.R.S. 3rd edition, enlarged. Oxford.

THE circumstance of this volume having reached a third edition, not only vouches for its own merit, but proves the popularity of the subject, but for which it might, with equal merit, have stuck to the publisher's shelves. Church-building is—not to speak profanely—one of the hobbies of the day, and the study of it has given rise to another *ology*, termed ecclesiology. Till of late, the Gothic style, even in structures of the ecclesiastical class, was studied merely as architecture, without any particular sympathy—sometimes with ill-concealed contempt, for what was more immediately connected with the religious practices and feelings of former ages; or if matters of that kind called forth any expression of admiration, it was more antiquarian than devotional; the “piety of our forefathers” being merely slipped in occasionally as a harmless unmeaning phrase. Now, however, a change has taken place, no less great than sudden. People have passed from one extreme to another, from negligence and indifference to a scrupulous preciseness in matters of external forms and church ceremonial. To what extent this feeling is now carried by some is evident enough from their endeavours to revive the mystical and enigmatical conceits of symbolism (see *ante*, p. 897), which even when interpreted to us, seem altogether fanciful and arbitrary, not to say puerile or drivelling.

We suspect that there are many “good sort of people” who think they promote religion while they are only indulging in a hobby-horsical taste and notably busying themselves—somewhat after the fashion of “Aunt Elinor”—in establishing orthodox patterns for churches, and for church furniture and upholstery. Church service ought, undoubtedly, to be performed with impressive decency, and with something more; yet there is one particular in which decorum is often sadly infringed, although no one, not even among those who are so tender-conscienced and so scrupulous on minor points, has protested against it, or affected to be in the slightest degree scandalized at it: we mean the practice of making a church a place for displaying showy apparel. Some few years since, when on a visit to a friend residing in a small country town, we observed that the church was unusually full, and our friend, by way of explanation, informed us, that two rival milliners had just arrived from town, with the newest fashions; and certainly, on recollection, the exhibition of bonnets, feathers, and flowers, had been far more tasteful than edifying. A church is not the place for parading finery, and those who can afford it, can also afford a change of plainer attire when they resort to the house of prayer. This sort of indecency is not considered as a profanation of the holiness of the place, gross as it must appear when reflected on, and dividing as it does a Christian congregation into two parties—those who can, and those who can not, afford Sunday gew-gaws. If we have strayed from our own proper subject, we have, at any rate, suggested one to some zealous “Aunt,” who may now lecture her own sex upon the proprieties to be observed in regard to church-going apparel. There are other improprieties which call for amendment, which we shall pass in silence, though they are not likely to be detected by Symbolists and Camdenists.

Somewhat akin to each other are frivolity, or parade of dress, on the part of a congregation,

and the ostentatious foppery with which tombs and monuments are decked out, as if a church were a sort of Vanity Fair for both the living and the dead. To the subject of monuments, Mr. Markland devotes no inconsiderable part of his volume, the additional chapters relative to them and to epitaphs, in the appendix, included; and hardly need we say that, with him, we strongly protest against the absurdity and bad taste so frequently displayed in them. While the majority of mural tablets and smaller monuments have no pretensions whatever to be considered works of art, they often tend to disfigure the building, being huddled together, and put up wherever a vacant space could be found, and sometimes to the serious injury of walls, mouldings, and pillars, cut away, or cut into, to allow of their being fixed. A mere jumble, a sort of broker's shop look, is the result; and after all, in behalf of very few memorials of the kind, can it be said that they are even instructive; they may flatter family pride, they may possess some interest for the antiquarian and topographer, but to all besides, they are no more than the obituary in an old newspaper.

Modern monuments of a more ambitious kind are, almost without exception, in false taste, if not when considered as mere works of sculpture, without reference either to the building and its architecture, or to the intended purpose, still they are more or less inconsistent, both as Christian and as English memorials, and at variance with our faith and our feelings. It is true, wholesale allegory, with its sprawling and bustling monster compositions, has been laid aside; nevertheless, Pagan ideas and Pagan emblems are almost perforce retained, if there is to be any expression of that sort, and the monument is not to consist of a mere portrait statue, which would equally well, perhaps still better, suit a private gallery, or hall, than a church. It would instantly be scouted as, perhaps, a scandalous profanation, were any one hardy enough to propose that portraits of eminent persons should be painted, or hung up, on the walls of churches in lieu of other monuments to them. Yet, although it must be admitted, that as a question of art, there is a difference between a portrait in painting and one in sculpture, the propriety or impropriety is pretty much the same in either case.

One strong objection brought forward by Mr. Markland in regard to public monuments and statues in churches, and which it is hardly possible to ward off, is that they are almost exclusively in honour of those, who, however well they may have deserved of their country and the state, have no particular claim to stand within the sanctuary of religion; at least not in the character which there secures them a place. The Christian moralist, the Christian philanthropist, may fitly stand beneath the dome of a Christian church—although in more appropriate guise, it could be wished, than do Johnson and Howard; but the military or naval hero,—the literary man, and the man of science, might be more becomingly honoured elsewhere. That the state should express its gratitude towards those who have defended it by their valour, adorned it by their genius in letters or in art, or advanced society by their discoveries in science,—is most commendable, but then it would be still more so were it to provide edifices set apart for such purpose, instead of peopling St. Paul's and the Abbey with them;* where a good deal becomes

* Should there ever be any public structure erected in the metropolis for the reception of monumental statues to British worthies, hardly could there be any scruples raised against a gallery of that kind being opened on Sundays, since if to do so would be inconsistent with the respect due to the day, how infinitely more inconsistent must it be with the respect due to the church to introduce within its hallowed walls, memorials that incite to worldly ambition, and the lust of worldly fame.

exceptionable, that would elsewhere not strike as improper, even though it might not be in the best taste.

Whether Gwynn was altogether serious in recommending it, may be doubted, but that writer suggests in his ‘London and Westminster Improved,’ that there should be a public mausoleum exclusively for those who had “no other pretence for perpetuating their memories, than that they existed a certain number of years, and died worth a certain sum of money”; and in such a place old Rundell the silversmith, and Thwaites the grocer, and the millionaire shoemaker of Bishopsgate Street,—whose name we have already forgotten, would shine as worthies of the highest rank. More than once there have been schemes for public mausolea or receptacles for monuments. One of them, on a colossal scale, was projected some dozen years ago by the late Mr. Francis Goodwin, of unlucky memory; it was, however, more of the nature of a cemetery than a mausoleum; and would have extended over we know not how many acres, skirted by copies of all the buildings of Athens, repeated and *diluted* for the sake of symmetry! The *symmetry* indeed showed itself in the plan, where it was perhaps meant as a pun. Notwithstanding all its symmetry and its double Athens, that cemetery scheme was soon buried in oblivion. More recently there was another scheme for a “Grand National Mausoleum,” a gigantic Gothic pile with a spire that would have been loftier than any other either in existence or upon record; besides which there would have been four spacious cloisters and Campo-Santos in addition to avenues or galleries for monuments within the fabric. This project, however, never got so far as to come actually before the public, although a large lithographic view was—we cannot say published, but engraved. Within such a *Utopian* fabric there would have been ample space for the most perfect classification of monuments; yet in regard to these it may be questioned whether the style proposed for the building would have been the best for the purpose, or, in other words, if the monuments themselves could have been sufficiently in accordance with it. In our opinion there would have been in that respect just about the same incongruity as is now so disagreeably striking in Westminster Abbey, or as would be produced if Gothic tombs were erected within St. Paul's. Having again adverted to the two last-mentioned edifices, we would suggest that for some of the memorials which are there rather out of their “element,” far more appropriate receptacles might be found already provided. Within the colonnades of Greenwich, and at Chelsea Hospital, the monuments and statues of Britain's naval and military heroes would be at home, protected by the *genius loci*; whereas memorials of warfare, though they be also those of victory and triumph, do not very well accord with the character of the House of Prayer: there are bounds to be observed even by national pride and the exultation of patriotism.

There are bounds, too, to be observed by ourselves, yet instead of attending to, we have broken through them. Instead of “coasting” along Mr. Markland's book, we have run out to sea, and have lost both rudder and compass, by which we might steer back again. We had intended to notice at some length the chapter on “Epitaphs” in the Appendix, which might very well form a chapter in the *Curiosities of Literature*, on account of the many curious specimens it gives of mortuary composition. Some of them amount to a species of Protestant canonization of the deceased, and fully justify the remark of Goldsmith, that “to go through a cemetery, one would be apt to wonder, how mankind could have so basely degenerated from

such excellent ancestors." We must now content ourselves with thus referring to it, and with merely remarking, that if the writer is somewhat excursive in his observations, it would ill become us to reproach him on that score, after our own desultory rambling on the subject.

Narrative of the Travels and Adventures of Monsieur Violet. Written by Capt. Marryat, C.B. 3 vols. Longman & Co.

WE deferred our notice of this work, from the difficulties we encountered in our attempts to separate obvious fiction from fact. A fiction, from the author of 'Peter Simple' is generally welcome—fact from any one is welcome—but when a book is so written that it is impossible to distinguish the one from the other, we are inclined to denounce such gallimaufry as neither "fish nor flesh, nor good salt herring." In this state of perplexity the following letter, addressed to the *Spectator*, has arrived, and it will save us all further trouble.

"Paris, 14th November, 1843.

"I have just read a work entitled 'A Narrative of the Travels and Adventures of Monsieur Violet in California, Sonora, and Western Texas; written by Captain Marryat.' Such is the title page. In the preface, Captain Marryat states that the opinions and occasional remarks are not his—I have merely written the work."

"The portions of the work relating to Texas are in chapters 13, 19, 20, 21, 22, 25, 26, 27, and 32. Of the 'authenticity and correctness' of what M. Violet asserts, Captain Marryat declares that he has 'no doubt.' All the reviews of the work that I have seen conclude that it is a mere fiction; and it may probably be added to the number of literary curiosities if I illustrate the curious example of bookmaking, which this work presents, and at the same time confirm the opinion of its fictitious character."

"The second paragraph of chapter 13, with the exception of the last 18 words, is taken *verbatim*, and without a mark of its being a citation, from a small pamphlet, written by me, and published at New Orleans in May 1842, with my name on the title-page. The last 17 paragraphs of the same chapter are taken from a communication signed 'G,' published in the *Arkansas Intelligencer*, printed at the town of Van Buren, in the same year. The paragraphs 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, and 20 of chapter 19, giving a description of the missions of San Antonio de Bexar, are manufactured, with some patchwork, from an account of Texas and of the Santa Fé expedition published in the *Picayune*, a newspaper of New Orleans, by Mr. G. W. Kendall. The original description was written by me; Mr. Kendall, being on one occasion much pressed by his business, asked me to write for him a brief account of the missions, which we had both visited. I agreed to do so, and copied for him my notes, from my own journal, which is still in my possession. The account I wrote thus forms part of his narrative. If he should see this statement, I have no doubt that he will pardon my publication of the fact. The two last paragraphs but two, with the exception of some interpolated words about robberies, are also taken from my pamphlet; and are contained also in a letter to a friend in England, written by me at Matanzas, in Cuba, in April, 1842. Some passages in the same chapter, descriptive of the town and river of San Antonio, are borrowed from Mr. Kendall's own narrative."

"The greater portion of the 20th chapter is taken from Mr. Kendall's publication. Chapter 21 is derived from the same source, with the exception of about eight paragraphs, which interpolate a fictitious story of Indian cannibalism, in the place of the particulars given in the original of the massacre of a young Englishman, the only son of the late Major-General Trevor Hull, and five others of our party: who were suddenly surrounded by some Caygua Indians, when separated a short distance from us. Chapter 22, with the exception of some imaginary Indian talk, also owes its authorship to Mr. Kendall."

"Chapter 25 contains what is called 'the Mexican version' of the Santa Fé expedition, prepared from what M. Violet 'saw,' from 'what he heard on the spot,' and 'from Mexican documents still in his possession.' All the Mexican documents on the subject are accessible. They were published in the *Diario*

del Gobierno, and in *El Siglo XIX.*, in Mexico. They include the accounts given of the expedition by the Mexican General Armijo, who was actually an eye-witness of what occurred in New Mexico: and they do not sustain a single fact of the 'Mexican version' of the expedition. In the course of that expedition no Wakos or other Indian village was destroyed—no Indian stores were set on fire—and no Indian children were shot. We only found one inhabited Indian village along the whole route, over a previously unknown country, extending upwards of 700 miles, from the city of Austin to the Rio Puerco, or Mexican settlements. It was left undestroyed, and no Indian was killed. There were no Mexican shepherds nor any other Mexicans killed in New Mexico, and there were no sheep stolen. The story respecting a man named Golpin is a most extravagant invention. He neither killed a Mexican woman nor robbed her: his right hand had been perfectly disabled for some months before we reached New Mexico, and he had long been sick and infirm. He was shot by the Mexicans between the Indian village of Socorro on the Rio Grande and Paso del Norte, merely on account of his inability to walk. The other allegations against him and an alleged identification of him, are equally unfounded."

"There is then left, to preserve a claim of originality to 'Adventures in Western Texas,' abuse of the merchants of San Antonio; an Indian story for the neighbourhood of Trinity River, in Eastern Texas; a story about the passing of some forged notes at Galveston, in Eastern Texas, mentioned in chapter 27; a story in chapter 32, intended to represent the manner in which justice is administered in Eastern Texas; and lastly, a complaint against Judge Webb, who is alleged to have charged M. Violet for water, though the great freshwater river of the Colorado flows near his house, open to the access of every one."

"It is a remarkable fact that until the town of San Antonio was surprised by the Mexicans in the course of last year, its chief trade was in the hands of Irishmen. The principal Irish stores were those of Messrs. Elliott, Robinson, and Riddle. Where every man knew everything respecting his neighbour, I never heard anything against these persons, nor indeed against many others whom I could name; and Mr. Elliott was much respected by the Mexican as well as the American population. The town itself, though upon the very frontier, was exceedingly well governed."

"Any story of corrupt mal-administration of the law in America or in Texas, among the white population, I should always be disposed to doubt. The evidence that it is not corruptly administered is the general contentment of a most active, intelligent, and clear-sighted people with it, the facilities they possess to correct its abuses, and the confidence with which they invoke its protection. Exceptional cases to the contrary may sometimes occur in the west; but that which must strike any observer, who has lived only a few months in recently-settled districts, is the rapidity with which the influence and the power of the law is established. It is this legal control which has chiefly contributed to the prosperity of America. It is to be traced to the operation of the English laws which we gave to that country, and to our mode of procedure in civil and criminal cases, equally as much as to their own political institutions, which take away the desire and prove the inutilty of obtaining constitutional changes through violence. How different would be the condition of the Spanish colonies of America if similar influences prevailed among them!"

"I am, however, well aware of the immediate source of Captain Marryat's information. I should have been perfectly silent respecting it, if the materials he has used had been accompanied with comments of a generous character; but the feelings of Captain Marryat towards America are known to be very bitter and very hostile. He may justify them by his own experience, and by what he has heard; but the preface of this work proves the great extent of his credulity, while the thousands of British emigrants who annually settle in America, and who leave Canada to settle in it, support a more important conclusion, adverse to his opinions."

"I am so far from London that I have not the opportunity of sending to you the papers to which I refer. I have no doubt, however, that many weeks before I return to England, American papers will be

received confirming what I have stated, and perhaps setting forth the claims of others to passages of the work not having any reference to its facts in natural history; which are so very odd, that it would puzzle the Zoological Society to ascertain in what 'unknown countries such unknown creatures can be expected to be met with.—Yours, &c.

"THOMAS FALCONER."

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Memoirs of Joseph Shepherd Munden, Comedian, by his Son.—These Memoirs, republished from the pages of a periodical, and not peculiarly rich in adventure and anecdote, will not detain us long. They possess, however, the merit of being free from that pretence and affectation—those washy outpourings of *Surface* sentiment, and stale odds and ends of green-room anecdote, so distinctive of books of this class, that a natural and unpretending record bears a value in our estimation. What is wanting is arrangement. The author wanders from actor to actor, from Garrick's *Macbeth* in a red coat, to "Quick and others," and too often treats his subject incidentally. It is true that he has little story to tell, beyond the facts that Munden was the son of a poulterer in Brook's Market, Holborn, where he was born *anno Domini* 1758—that he passed from an apothecary's shop to a law stationer's office, and from the latter to a clerkship in a municipal office at Liverpool—that, unable to control "his demon," he presently abandoned pen and parchment for the dear and dirty delights of a strolling player's life—that in this capacity he underwent the severe and incessant practice of his art, which is indispensable,—that he became a shareholder in the Chester Theatre (now an investment about as hopeful as a Poyais swamp, but times have changed), and played there in company with Cooke, Mrs. Whitlock, Mrs. Siddons's sister, who emigrated to America, and Mrs. Hunn, the mother of George Canning,—and that, in 1790, shortly after Edwin's death, he dared an appearance at Covent Garden, and succeeded. For thirty-four years he was the delight of the town, appearing successively at Covent Garden, Drury Lane, and the Haymarket; and then retired, wisely for his fame, resisting all efforts made to tempt him into the actor's folly of "more last appearances." Having acquired a competence in his profession, he became miserably penurious in his old age; died on the 6th of February, 1832, and was embalmed in the *Athenæum* by Elia. There is little in the volume to fill up this outline.

An Account of the Roman Antiquities found at Rougham, by Rev. J. Henslow.—The antiquities here described were found in September last at Rougham, near Bury St. Edmunds. While some labourers were digging on Eastlow Hill a large barrow in the parish of Rougham (Low being the Saxon for barrow), they discovered an iron lamp and one or two other remains, which induced the proprietor to dig systematically on the site of one or two smaller barrows in the vicinity. In one of these, which, from its containing burnt human bones, was pronounced to be of that species of Roman tomb called *bastum*, were found the following articles: an urn, of pale bluish glass, with two reeded handles and an eared mouth—the *ossorium*, or bone urn: a lachrymatory, or perfume vessel, of dull green glass: a very corroded coin: two black jars or jugs: a large spherical pitcher, of coarse yellow pottery, and another of the same character, but much smaller: a patena, of red ware, with the potter's mark on it, but almost illegible: two simpula, of similar ware, on one of which the potter's mark, Albucl, for *Albuclificina*, is very legible: an iron lamp, two iron rods, and some gold dust. The date of these barrows has not yet been satisfactorily determined, but Prof. Henslow seems to think, from the nature of the tombs, that there is good reason to believe them of the same date with the barrows at Bartlow, noticed by Mr. Rokewood, believed to be of the period of Hadrian; consequently, between the first and second centuries of our era.

The Theogony, Philosophy and Cosmogony of the Hindus, [Die Theogonie, &c.] by Count M. Björnström, translated from the Swedish by J. R.—Count Björnström, when in England, published a work on the British power in the East Indies. He has since directed his studies to the Theogony and Philosophy

of the Hindus, and the result of his researches are now before us. The views advanced are not new, as the author himself confesses. He agrees with Herder, Heeren and others, that India is "the cradle of religions, and the first abode of civilization." Count Björnstjerne, however, maintains peculiar views with reference to the general character of the Brahminical religion, which he holds to be a natural religion far superior to the mythology of Greece or Rome. Buddhism he imagines to be a collection of reforms in the Brahminical worship promulgated at different times, but all of course of later origin than Brahminism. In the Hindu cosmogony, the Count thinks he has discovered a key to the migrations of nations which, coupled with geological science, may, at some future time, lead to important consequences.

The Mayflower, or Sketches of Scenes and Characters among the Descendants of the Pilgrims, by Mrs. H. B. Stowe.—This American miscellany is commendable: though not very original in manner, it is full of American character. Silence, in "Love versus Law," "the housekeeper," with her trials, in the article "Help," "Uncle Jim," and "Old Father Morris," could neither have flourished on this side of the Atlantic nor have been so well described by an English pen. Mrs. Stowe writes professedly with the purpose of adding to the stores of wholesome, we might say religious fiction; and the Puritan flavour of some among them will be relishing, rather than repelling, to the mere critic.

Edward Somers, a domestic Story, and a Legend of the Coast, by the author of "Poems by Viator."—If old anecdotes, great vanity, and spiteful attacks on individuals and bodies can make a good book, then assuredly this must take rank among the best. The author is evidently an Oxford man, and takes care to let his readers know that he was at Christ Church College. The plot is old, and the telling of the story no improvement on the former versions.

Gleanings respecting Battel and its Abbey, by a Native.—are gleanings for the most part of dry husks and long straws—from antiquarian stores. But the work is said to be the only published account of the Abbey, and the "gleaner" apologizes for its "crudeness and imperfections;" so we leave it to its fate.

One Word before you go, by J. G. Hengston.—A loud appeal against a residence in France, or even a temporary sojourn at the French watering-places. Some truth, with much absurd exaggeration.

France—her Governmental, Administrative, and Local Organization, Exposed and Considered.—The writer is well acquainted with France, its government and administration, and the work has been compiled with elaborate care; but he is so fiercely opposed to what may be considered the general policy of Louis Philippe, and to Louis Philippe himself, that all he says must be well weighed and tested. From internal evidence, we are of opinion that it is the work of a practised writer, one accustomed to indulge in the habitual exaggeration of a party politician; and that the writer's name is not given, because it would only detract from the value which the public might otherwise attach to the opinions here advanced.

The British Almanac—The American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge for the Year 1844. In addition to all the requisites of an almanac, these contain, as usual, much valuable information.

The Parent's School and College Guide, or Liber Scholasticus.—A work that will be found useful to parents about to determine on a school or college to which to send their children, setting forth, as it does, the benefits to be derived at each scholastic establishment in the United Kingdom. Such a work, however, to be useful, must be accurate; and we have noted more than one error on those points which come within our own knowledge,—as where the author states that Merchant Taylors' School has forty-three fellowships at St. John's College, Oxford, thus confounding six law exhibitions, which are but temporary, with fellowships which are permanent.

Simmonite's Juvenile Grammar of the English Language.—An abridgment of a larger work on English grammar, which was considered by "gentlemen practically engaged in the education of youth" to be too large and expensive for children.

Wood Pavement; its Origin and Progress, by A. B. Blackie.—An advertisement—to the effect of "try Stead's patent."

List of New Books.—The Sporting Almanack and Oracle of Rural Life, for 1844, 12mo. 2s. 6d. swd.—Des Carrières' Histoire de France, new edit. 12mo. 7s. bd.—The Life, Voyages, and Exploits of Admiral Sir Francis Drake, Knt., by John Barrow, 8vo. 14s. cl.—The Royal Kalendar, and Court and City Register, for 1844, 12mo. 5s. bd.—The British Imperial Calendar, for 1844, 12mo. 5s. red.—The British Almanac and Companion, for 1844, 12mo. 4s. cl.—Contributions to the Edinburgh Review, by Francis Jeffrey, 4 vols. 8vo. 2l. 8s. cl.—The Grave Digger, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—The Soldier of Fortune, by H. Curling, Esq. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—Scott's Tales of a Grandfather, Vol. III. fcp. 8vo. 5s. cl.—George Selwyn and his Contemporaries, by J. H. Jesse, Vols. III. and IV., 8vo. 1l. 8s. cl.—The Prism of Imagination, by the Baroness de Calabrella, post 8vo. 1l. 12s. mro.—The New Sporting Almanack, 1844, edited by Wildrake, 12mo. 3s. cl.—On Superstitions connected with the History and Practice of Medicine and Surgery, by T. J. Pettigrew, Esq., 8vo. 7s. cl.—Taylor's Manual of Medical Jurisprudence, fcp. 8vo. 13s. 6d. cl.—Cases of Dropsical Ovaria, by D. H. Walne, 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Affection's Gift, for 1844, 32mo. 2s. 6d. silk.—Rhoda, or the Excellence of Charity, 16mo. 2s. cl.—Short and Simple Prayers for Children, 16mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—Glimpses of Nature, by Mrs. Loudon, 16mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Stories of the Animal World, by R. H. Draper, square, 6s. 6d. cl.—Tidd Pratt's Magistrates' and Parochial Statutes, 8vo. 8s. cl.—The Gardener and Practical Florist, Vol. II., royal 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Niebuhr's Heroic Tales of Greece, with Notes, by Felix Summerly, royal 16mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—Riggs's Experimental Researches in Chemistry and Agriculture, post 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.—Gauguin's Miniature Knitting Book, oblong 32mo. 1s. cl. swd.—The Law and General Almanack, for 1844, 12mo. 1s. swd.—Flügel's German-English and English-German Dictionary, abridged by Fleming and Oxenford, royal 16mo. 9s. bd.—Morton's Manual of Pharmacy, 3rd edit. fcp. 8vo. 10s. cl.—Scorsby's Magnetical Investigations, Part II. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Sewell's Law and Practice of Registration of Voters, 8vo. 10s. cl.—The Sources of Physical Science, by A. Smee, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—The Highway and Surveyor's Guide, 12mo. 1s. swd.—General Highway Act, by A. Fry, 12mo. 3s. bds.—Clarke's English Helicon, Vol. III. "Domestic Affections, and other Poems," by Mrs. Hemans, 32mo. 1s. swd.—The Brothers, a tale of the Fronde, and other Stories, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—Travels in Kashmir, by G. T. Vigne, 2nd edit. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 8s. cl.—Colonial and Home Library, No. III. "Bishop Heber's Journals in India," Part I. 2s. 6d. swd.

THE LIVING POLITICAL POETS OF GERMANY.

Liberty! ha! that sounds most wondrous fine!
It is the day's great word. . . . Away! away!
O ye are pregnant with whole worlds divine,
Yet 'neath the yoke your necks so fondly lay.
What! to be free?—thereon we scarce dare reason;
Speak of it not till Caution's self be stronger;
But, write of it!—ha! that is rankest treason!
In short, this watch of Freedom—goes no longer!

Ortepp's Songs of a Day-Watchman.

AMONGST the many curious phases which the present social and political state of Germany presents, there is none more singular than that exhibited in its political poetry. The system of paternal government is there so completely organized, and so beautifully carried out, that scarcely a restless motion can be detected in that great stilled ox, the Public, and if a groan escape it, it is so modulated by custom, that it may be mistaken rather for a low of too much rest and fulness, than an expression of pain. The police are so admirably distributed and posted in every city, village, street, field, lane, wood, and public-house; the censorship is so alert at its station in every printing and newspaper office, that not a sigh can escape through the press. The great net woven by the German governments for the accommodation, as they call it, of that many-headed animal, the Public, has been so scientifically constructed that not one of those many heads but is caught in a mesh, and the whole living fry is dragged along with wondrous ease. Then, this great and heterogeneous fry is not only so cunningly netted, and scientifically dragged along, but it must be confessed, is so well fed, that he would seem to be a very unreasonable sort of fellow who would wish them out of their net at all. The learned are well supplied with professorships, librarianships, and secretariats; the nobles with commands in army, and offices in cabinet and bureau; the middle ranks are all equally engaged and employed by these paternal governments in the thousand and never-wanting posts in the magistracy, the post-office, the police, the customs, the stewardships of forests and domains; nay, the very members of the common herd are universally distributed through all the more ordinary employments of justice-rooms, post-offices, railroads, travelling posts; as watchers of roads, of streets, of highways; as gens-d'armes, parish schoolmasters, scavengers, aye, as chimneysweepers, which are all in the patronage, or under the surveillance of government, that well may people ask, What do they want more?

Yet there are, as there always have been, and

always will be in this discontented world, those very unreasonable people, who insist that a great deal more is wanted for the true development of the true happiness and glory of a nation. They think that the grand thing needed, is that governments should let three-fourths of its present concerns alone, and leave them to the enterprise and competition of the public; and that they should grant the four great ???—as they are significantly called—the four great demands of Free Constitutions, a Free Press, Free Speeches, and Open Trials by Jury. On this the governments fairly lift their hands and eyebrows in astonishment, and through their hired scribes of the press, cry—"Look at France! see what Free Presses and Free Speech and Free Constitutions, did there? What blood! what horrors! what confusions!" "Nay," reply the discontented, "that was the previous work of despotism." "Look at England!" exclaim the government scribes, "see, with all its free institutions, what a debt! what continual agitation! what horrid masses of poverty in its manufacturing districts, and in its very capital!" "Set all that down," retort the advocates of freedom, "to invasions of the British Constitution, and not to the free constitution itself; and then set on the other side—what national wealth! what national activity! what fleets of merchantmen, what merchant princes! what colonies! what a stupendous empire stretching round the whole globe! What a noble fabric of free mind is there raised! How every man, however oppressed by debts and exactions he may be, dare, like a man, look his governors in the face, and at least demand redress, justice, and the proper administration of a representative constitution!" They will insist that men who go about with bridles in their mouths, are not men, are not even horses, but something lower and less noble, that is, mules. They will insist, that if whole nations are to be held like children in go-carts and leading-strings, and never suffered to arrive at a majority like other children, they will cease, spite of all coercion, to be children, but will not become nations of men—for Nature will not be resisted with impunity—but of idiots and drivellers; that it is only by the exercise of all their faculties, and amongst them pre-eminently their faculty of freedom, that men and nations acquire their full strength, display their full powers, and attain the glory and happiness which God and Nature have placed within their reach. Nay, they add, that the very stilled ox will be visited in his pampered rest, with visions of open fields, green mountains, and river banks; the caged bird (and what objects on earth so wretched as caged eagles!) even in a golden cage, will dream of woods and wilds of wide liberty, and languish after them; and the very fish in the most fine and philosophical net, will think of the broad space of waters in which they have revelled, of the clear springs which gush into them, of the depths of sweet gloom beneath the shadows of woods where they have ranged, and will flash and flap in agony at the tantalizing idea.

So think the free spirits of Germany. So think, no doubt, thousands who, themselves provided by paternal governments with all the creature comforts of office, dare not, and do not, utter such ideas; and, indeed, what help? The system, as we have said, is so thorough and artistically perfected; the numbers who are engaged in it by all the hopes and comforts of life, are so numerous; the pressure is so equal and universal, that it can be no ordinary combination of powers or circumstances which can alter it. The paternal tie which is laid upon the acanthus of freedom, is so stout and broad, that it is impossible for this acanthus to heave it off, or to bore its way through it; it does, therefore, only what it can—it curls up all round its edges, and gives birth, not to a new order of architecture, but to a new order of poets!

These are the men of whom we are now about to speak. There never, indeed, have been wanting in Germany poets who in their songs, and even epics, have fanned the fire of freedom, and breathed through their fellow-men that hallowed soul of liberty, without which men and nations must die to all that is great and noble. From the days of Walther von der Vogelweide, these men have never been wanting. Walther himself, Hans Sachs, the tower-fast Luther, in his hymns as much as in his sermons or his Table-Talk, Weckerlin, Martin Opitz, Logan, Johan Riss, Gryphius, Assmann; and amongst those of the revival of

German poetry, Klopstock, Gleim, Bürger, Herder, and a host of others, to Schiller, whose noble soul, thoroughly permeated by all that was great and generous, acted on the minds of his contemporaries like a summer heat, making it thrust forth its shoots on all sides, and ripening it to richness even when no political word was spoken. Even Goethe, who sunk into the worldling and the courtier, and while the thunders of the war of oppression and of the war of freedom belaboured round his study, sate calmly, lifting neither hand nor voice for the fatherland, but entered in his journal, as the visitants of one of his later birth-days, the two words, "Metternich" and "Hardenberg!"—even this great defaulter in his country's cause, in some of his earlier and better works, had contributed to the great mass of liberal opinion; and Uhland had, both as popular representative in the national chamber, and in his ballads, made his high and independent voice heard like a trumpet; and far and wide were those trumpet-tones heard, and felt, and responded to. Even on Austria he called boldly and sternly:—

Up, mighty Austria!
Forwards! do like the rest!
Forwards!

And while Uhland sits in his age, freed by his hereditary property from any dependence on princes, he is honoured throughout all Germany as something far above a prince—the genuine patriot poet—the most glorious and divine amongst the titles of men. We shall soon see that even from the very heart of Austria a zealous echo to his fiery appeal came back to him and the whole nation, and besides, on all hands, glowed in the poetry of Platen, Börne, Rau, Heine, Hagen, Deeg, Welter, Lennau, Immermann, Chamisso, Freiligrath, and a host of others, the Uhländish and the national spirit. But these, for the most part, uttered their political oracles either amid the heap of their other poetic inspirations, presented the little glittering star of patriotism wrapped in the bouquet of many poetic flowers, or clothed their patriotic calls in general terms. There were more fiery, or more impatient spirits, who resorted to poetry as to a special and exclusive vehicle of their political discontent—who looked round them, and saw scarcely any other mode of reaching the ears of their countrymen with the words of liberty. The pen of the censor had become omnipotent over the pen of every other writer. It hung, in the shape of a *Black Eagle*, over all the other feathered creatures, were they poets or politicians—did they speak exciting words in the midst of their own volumes, or in the columns of a journal. Most of those writers of whom we have spoken, especially those of late years, had many grievous secret wounds to complain of from the point of the censor's pen—from the great pen plucked from the wings of the *Black Eagles*. They could tell of much Burking in the dark; of many a plaster clapped on their mouths in the secret passages and dens of the censorship; of much suffocation and strangulation. The class of young and ardent spirits of whom we now speak determined, therefore, not to expose themselves to the talons of the *Black Eagles*—to the scalping and mutilating processes of the censorship; but to concentrate all their fire in small compass; to print their little books beyond the jurisdiction of the national literary anatomists. They considered that it is one thing for creatures to be strangled in the dark, and the stranglers then to cry, "These were abortions!"—one thing for honest men to be stabbed in the dark, and the murderers, clothed in police costume, then to cry, "Ay, these were thieves!" and another thing, when the truth was fairly issued to the daylight, for the hardest and most hypocritical rogue of them all to dare to suppress it. They therefore printed their little volumes either in the free city of Hamburg or in Switzerland, and the result justified their calculations. From Hamburg, from the bold house of Hoffmann & Campe, or from Bern, Zürich, Schaffhausen, &c., accordingly came flying whole showers of these poetico-political volumes. They were everywhere eagerly caught up, and are now to be had in all shops. Not one of them would have ever seen the light if the claws of the *black eagles* could have been set upon them in manuscript: but once in the light, no man is so bold and honest as to say, "These are the propheta of liberty, and must, therefore, be stoned to death!" They are, and will remain. They are adopted by the people, and will do their work, be that more or less. These little tomes are almost as numerous as the snow-

flakes from the Swiss Alps themselves: like them, many, indeed, fall and melt on the spot. Others have excited the most lively feeling, and are become generally popular. What is most remarkable, is, that the first, and perhaps the most powerful, the earliest, and by the others regarded as the heart and leader of the school, is not only a nobleman, but a nobleman of Austria.

Count Auersperg, better known by his assumed poetical cognomen of Anastasius Grün, is well known in that character as a poet of great elegance and fancy, but in this little volume called "Spaziergänge eines Wiener Poeten"—Walks of a Viennese Poet—he spoke in a strain of equal fire and boldness. True, he did not put on the title-page of that little volume of 106 pages even the *nom de guerre* of Anastasius Grün. It was issued to the world from the press of Hamburg anonymously; but it was issued at a time when a single spark was enough to kindle and spread a wide and devouring fire. It was about the time of the Parisian Revolution of July, 1830. This rapid and brilliant revolution went like an electric flash throughout all Europe. All people who had grievances to complain of from their governments—and which had them not?—raised their heads, and called loudly for redress and constitutional rights. Switzerland, Germany, Belgium, Poland, Spain and Portugal, England, Italy, and almost every state of Germany, rose in active commotion. For two years the ferment went on. The Belgians achieved their object; England reformed her parliament; the different states of Germany, even to Bavaria and Prussia, were shaken with political agitations for popular chambers, freedom of the press, and the like, which, in some of the smaller states, were, to a degree, successful. But the princes and their armies, both of soldiers and police, were too strong. Poland, Italy, and Switzerland felt the heavy hands of Russia and Austria, and the larger German states were coerced. The great Radical meeting at the Castle of Hambach, in Rhenish Bavaria, in 1832, gave a pretext to the princes of the German Confederation: the reign of arrests and police severity began. The patriots fled on all sides, and press and speech were put into their ancient bondage.

Exactly at this crisis appeared the second edition of Count Auersperg's "Walks." Its effect may be imagined. For a time it seems to have been secretly devoured with the keen relish which that sacred writer so well described when he said, "Stolen waters are sweet." At length, however, as the restrictions on political freedom were continued; as the promises of the princes of free constitutions were falsified: when Hanover, robbed of the constitution given it by our William the Fourth, cried to the "Bund" for help against despotism, and received only the startling reply, that the Bund could take no cognizance of any complaint which did not come through a government channel—in other words, that the Confederation was a confederation of princes, not for, but against the people; then broke forth a tribe of zealous followers in the Count's train. The most effective of these, however, are such as have appeared within the last two years.

We must give a specimen or two of the Count. He wanders forth into the country to breathe the fresh air, and seated on the Cobenzelberg above Vienna, writes "Spring Thoughts." Charmed by the landscape before him, he wishes that the Emperor were sitting even there, and would cry to the vale beneath—"Austria! thou Land of the East, let it be day in thee!" He recalls the great deeds of its armies, and asks whether in its campaigns Right, and Light, and Freedom always stood as warrior allies in its ranks; to which he is obliged to respond that "the answer is not sweet." In the next poem, however, he so admirably touches off Metternich that we must translate wholly the—

Saloon Scene.

Tis evening; flame the chandeliers in the ornamented hall:
From the crystal of tall mirrors thousand-fold their splendours fall.
In the sea of radiance moving, almost floating, round are seen
Lovely ladies young and joyous, ancient dames of solemn mien.
And amongst them staidly pacing, with their orders graced,
clate,
Here the rougher sons of war, there peaceful servants of the state.
But observed by all observers, wandering mid them one I view
Whom none to approach dare venture, save th' elect, illustrious few.

It is he who holds the rudder of proud Austria's ship of state,
Who mid crowned heads in congress, asedate, for her, sits
But now see him! O how modest, how polite to one and all:
Gracious, courtly, smiling round him, on the great and on the small.

The stars upon his bosom glitter faintly in the circle's blaze,
But a smile so mild and friendly ever on his features plays:
Both when from a lovely bosom now he takes a budding rose,
And now realms, like flowers withered, plucks and scatters
as he goes.

Equally bewitching sounds it, when fair locks his praise attenda,
Or when he, from heads anointed, kingly crowns so calmly rends.
Ay, the happy mortal seemeth in celestial joys to swim
Whom his word to Elba doometh, or to Munkat's dungeons grim.

O could Europe now but see him! so obliging, so gallant,
As the man in martial raiment, as the church's priestly saint,
As the state's star-covered servant, by his smile to heaven advanced,
As the ladies, old and young, are all enraptured and entranced!

Man o' th' Empire! Man o' th' Council! as thou art in kindly mood,
Show'st thyself just now so gracious, unto all so wondrous good,
See! without, a humble client to thy princely gate hath pressed.
Who with token of thy favour burns to be supremely blessed.

Nay! thou hast no cause of terror! he is honest and discreet,
Carries no concealed dagger 'neath his garments smooth and neat.
It is Austria's People!—open,—full of truth and honour—see!
How he prays most mildly, "May I—take the freedom to be free?"

In "Priests and Parsons," and in "The Fat and Lean," the Count compares the good and mischievous clergy, expressing his love and reverence for the one class, and his indignant hatred of the other. It is a curious fact, that while popery has been growing more and more popular, and winning proselytes where it has ceased politically, and its old features have become forgotten, in those countries where it has continued most prominent, it has been suddenly attacked by the people, as in Spain, or so far as any interference of the papal power is concerned, has been, by the very governments, politically annihilated. In the two great catholic states of Germany, Austria and Bavaria, where the mass of the people, and where the monarchs themselves are strictest catholics, there, though the religion is upheld, the papal power has been put down by the governments. Popery and the Jesuits are especial objects of detestation with the German liberals, and they do not forget that Metternich, the most wily of all wily ministers, was the man who hit on the grandest discovery in political despotism ever yet made—that of converting *National Education* into the basis and great engine of slavery.

When despotic Princes began to tremble before the advance of popular knowledge, Metternich only smiled. He called to mind the words of Solomon—"Bring up a child in the way that he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." "That," thought he, "which is good for one way, is equally good for another. Bring up a people in any way, and when they are old they will not depart from it. Here, then, is a great political light! Seize the principle—apply it to the nation, instead of letting your enemies, the liberals, apply it. Bend the twig while it is young, and all the powers on earth shall never be able to raise it again!"

Austria was the first to adopt this grand discovery—the principle of a *Government Education* as a *National Education*, and that with a success which caused it to be immediately copied, and carried out with the most conclusive results in Prussia; where, while the unsuspicious liberals of England have been watching to see the growth of a universal knowledge amid the people blow up the Prussian despotism, it has been, by a subtly adopted system, by which the national schoolmasters became half schoolmasters and more than half policemen, perhaps rivetted for ever. We have alluded to this subject merely to show why the modern political poets so bitterly denounce popery and priestcraft, and passing over Count Auersperg's poems on these subjects, shall content ourselves with two short ones—the "Mauthcordon" (Cordon of Customs) and "The Censor."

The Customs Cordon.

Our country is a garden, which the timid gardener's doubt
With an iron palisado has enclosed round about;

But without live folk, whom entrance to this garden could make glad,
And a guest who loves sweet scenery, cannot be so *very* bad.

Black and yellow lists go stretching round our borders grim
and tight;
Custom-house and beadle watchers guard our frontiers day
and night—
Sit by day before the tax-house, lurk by night 't' th' long
damp grass,
Silent, crouching on their stomachs, louring round on all
who pass,

That no single foreign dealer, foreign wine, tobacco bale,
Foreign silk, or foreign linen, slyly steal within their pale;
That a guest, than all more hated, set not foot upon our
earth,—
Thought, which in a foreign soil, in foreign light has had its
birth!

Finally the watch grows weary, when the ghostly hour
draws near,
For in our good land how many from all spectres shrink in
fear!

Cold and cutting blows the north-wind, on each limb doth
faintness fall;
To the pot-house steal the watchers, where both wine and
comfort call.

See! there start forth from the bushes, from the night-
wind's shrouding wings,
Men with heavy packs all laden, carts up heaped with richest
things.

Silent as the night-fog creeping, through the noiseless tracks
they wend;
See! there too goes *Thought* amongst them—towards his
mission's sacred end!

With the smugglers must he travel,—he who nothing hides
from sight!
With the murky mists go creeping—he the son of Day and
Night!

Oh! come forth, ye thirsty drinkers! weary watchers, out!
—this way!
Fling yourselves in rank and file—post yourselves in armed
array!

Point your muskets! sink your colours, with the freeman's
solemn pride!
Let the drums give joyful thunder—cast the jealous barriers
wide!

That with green palms all victorious, proud and free in
raiment bright,
Through the hospitable country *Thought* may wander
scattering light!

The Count extends his walks mid the charms of
the spring, and asks when shall the spring of freedom
bloom thus in his country? He sits in the garden
bower of a country inn, enjoying the delicious scene
before him; a stranger approaches with a friendly
face, and seats himself beside him; but, suspecting
that he may be a police spy, the Count hastens away
and, plunging into a neighbouring wood, weeps burn-
ing tears over the spirit of distrust which the govern-
ment infuses between man and man. He paces the
field of Aspern, and thinks how the freedom of
Austria was achieved there only to be lost again. A
swallow flying southward awakes in him the question
"Whither?" which is echoed by another question—
"Whither are the princes of Austria conducting the
country?" To which he gives them answer: To a
reign of hypocrites when no man dare look another
in the face; when the monks' censers are busy wafting
the incense of flattery; when geese flourish, and
are never plucked, for there is no press, and no need
of pens,—except for the tax-gatherers; when the
professor shrinks from his own students, who present
before him but two classes,—savage cannibals, and
youths who still have some ideas; when an imper-
ial edict is passed to extinguish all lamps, as
people can very well find the way to their mouths
without them; and when priests rejoice in the per-
petual midnight, exclaiming "What a beautiful day!"
but the very dead remove with coffin and shroud to
a more genial resting-place. In 'The Victory of
Freedom,' the 'Hymn to Austria,' 'Maria Theresa,'
'The Statue of Joseph II.,' 'The Right of Hospitality,'
address 'To the Emperor,' &c., abound the same
noble, free, and generous thoughts, the same keen
irony; but we must hold to our purpose, and give
only—

The Censor.

Many a hero-priest is shown us in the storied times of yore,
Who the word of truth undaunted through the world
unceasing bore;
Who in halls of kings have shouted,—"Fie! I scent lost
Freedom's grave!"
And to many a high dissembler bluntly cried, "Thou art a
knave!"

Were I but such Freedom's champion, shrouded in the
monkish frock,
Straight unto the Censor's dwelling I must lie, and loudly
knock;
To the man must say,—"Arch scoundrel, down at once
upon thy knees,
For thou art a vile offender—down! confess thy villainies."

And I hear the wretch already how he wipes his villainess
clean—

"Oh your reverence is in error, I am not the man you mean!
I omit no mass, no duty, fill my post with service true;
I'm no lewd one, no blasphemer, murderer, thief, or godless
Jew!"

But my zeal indignant flashes from my heart in flaming
tones,
Like the thunder mid the mountains in his ear my answer
groans.

Every glance falls like an arrow cutting through his guilty
heart;
Every word is like a hammer which makes bone and marrow
part.

Yes! thou art a stock-blind Hebrew! for thou hast not yet
divined,
That for us, like Christ all glorious, rose too—Freedom of
the Mind!

Yes! thou art a bloody murderer! doubly cursed and doubly
thou,—
Others merely murder bodies—thou dost murder souls as
well!

Yes! thou art a thief, a base one, or by heaven! a fouler
wight!
Others to steal fruits do merely leap our garden fence by
night;

But thou, wretch! into the garden of the human mind hast
broke,
And with fruit, and leaf, and blossom, fell'st the tree too at
a stroke!

Yes! thou art a base adulterer! but in shame art doubly
base—
Others burn and strive for beauties that their neighbours'
gardens grace;

But a crime inspired by beauty for thy grovelling soul's too
poor:
Night and fog and vilest natures can alone thy heart allure.

Yes! thou art a foul blasphemer! or by heaven! a devil
born!—
Others wood and marble figures dash to pieces in their scorn;
But thy hand, relentless villain! strikes to dust the living
frame,

Which man's soul, God's holy image, quickens with its
thoughts of flame.

Yes! thou art an awful sinner! true, our laws yet leave
thee free;
But within thy soul in terror rack and gallows must thou see.

Smite thee breast then in contrition, thy bowed head strew
ashes o'er;
Bend thy knees—make full confession,—"Go thy way and
sin no more!"

Can this zealous and able champion of freedom
have abandoned the great cause of his country? So
suspect, and so accuse him, the greater part of his
followers. In the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of Feb. 13th,
1840, appeared this paragraph, from a Viennese paper
—"Anastatus Grün has been some days here to
solicit for himself the golden key of Gentleman of the
Bedchamber, as his wife, hereditary Countess
Attems, has been created Lady of the Order of the
Starry Cross, and cannot go to court alone. It is
said the Count has completely renounced the poet."
On this, great has been the outcry and indignation
throughout all "Young Germany;" and every radical
poet has fired off at him his poetico-political blunder-
buss. We do not, however, spite of all the court
metamorphoses that our times have shown, lightly
credit the apostasy of such a spirit. It is more likely
that the Count sees clearly that he has done all that
he can at present do, and without wishing to make a
useless martyr of himself, leaves the seed he has sown
to grow and produce its natural fruits.

The songs of Dingelstedt, Hoffmann, Dalei, Herr-
wegh, Ortlepp, Scherr, and Püttmann, we reserve for
another paper.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

At the Anniversary Meeting of the Royal Society,
held on Thursday last, the following noblemen and
gentlemen were elected the Council of the Society:—
PRESIDENT—The Marquis of Northampton. TREASURER—Sir J. W. Lubbock, Bart., M.A. SECRETARIES—P. M. Roget, M.D.; S. H. Christie, Esq., M.A.—FOREIGN SECRETARY—J. F. Daniell, Esq. OTHER MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL—M. Barry, M.D.; W. Bowman, Esq.; Sir T. M. Brisbane, K.C.B.; H. J. Brooke, Esq.; R. Brown, Esq., D.C.L.; W. F. Chambers, M.D., K.C.H.; G. Dollond, Esq.; T. Graham, Esq., M.A.; J. T. Graves, Esq., M.A.; R. Lee, M.D.; W. H. Miller, Esq., M.A.; R. I. Murchison, Esq.; R. Owen, Esq.; J. Pereira, M.D.; Captain J. C. Ross, R.N.; J. Walker, Esq. [The gentlemen whose names are printed in italics were not Members of the last Council.]

Mr. Monck Mason is exhibiting, at Willis's Rooms, a large model of a Balloon propelled by machinery. The balloon is supported in the air by the ordinary

means of hydrogen gas; the propelling power is the Archimedean screw, worked, in the model, by a spring wheel; and the balloon can be made to ascend or descend, to a limited extent, by raising or lowering an attached rudder. The contrivance is ingenious, and the experiments were successful. As it is not offered as a model of an aerial locomotive by which road and railway travelling are to be superseded, we are not called on to point out those inherent defects which would prove insurmountable obstacles to any such practical application of it.

The French papers mention, that a telescopic comet was discovered at the Paris Observatory on the morning of the 22nd, at one o'clock. It was near the star γ Orionis. The nucleus is very distinct. It has been seen in England.

In our remarks last week on the establishment, at the School of Design, of a class for the instruction of females in wood-engraving (*ante*, p. 1048), we adverted to the importance of skill in drawing the figure, as an essential qualification for success. We have been since informed, and think it well to make the fact known to those who desire to attain this skill, that the study of the figure now forms part of the routine of Mr. Butler Williams's classes for model drawing, established under the sanction of the Council of Education, and formerly held at Exeter Hall, but lately removed to the Gallery in Maddox Street, Hanover Square. These classes meet in the evening, and the instruction being afforded at a very small charge, are available to persons engaged during the day. The practice of drawing from models is so superior to the old method of copying prints, that the progress of the scholar is much more rapid and certain, both as regards knowledge of form and dexterity in using the pencil.

The sale of Cardinal Fesch's magnificent gallery is fixed to take place at Rome in March next. No gallery in Italy is, it is said, so rich as this in the multitude and diversity of schools. There are many first-rate pictures of Holbein, Vanhuysen, Teniers, Backhuysen, Rembrandt, Vandervelde, Wouvermans, Sneyders, Jan Steen, Rubens, Van-dyke, Ruysdael, &c.; capital works of Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Guido, Titian, Andrea del Sarto, Giulio Romano, Albano, the Carracci, Bento Angeli-co, &c.; many of Watteau, Lesueur, Claude Lorraine, Greuse, Poussin, &c.

The people of New York are, it seems, about to achieve an architectural prodigy, to be erected in commemoration of American Independence, and be designated the *Washington Memorial*. The structure is to be an immense pentagonal tower crowned with a spire, and therefore we hardly need say that the style selected for it is Gothic—the very last we should have thought likely to be adopted for such a commemoration, it being one eminently expressive of the Old World—of medieval Europe and its institutions. Classical architecture is a sort of common property, and carries with it no mark of nationality; it has, moreover, already established itself in the New World,—but in regard to Gothic, the case is different: that style has hardly been attempted—certainly not with success; and, judging from the drawing exhibited in the *Builder*, we should say that this colossal work will prove quite a Babel Gothic affair—such a curious medley as must shock without electrifying the sticklers for precedent. There are, however, some original and novel ideas in it—one of which is a glass spire—or rather a glazed one, formed of metal ribs and bars, not, however, in imitation of such open-work spires with flowing tracery as that at Freiburg, but with a mere checked or diamond pattern.

The career of a second English *prima donna* has been prematurely cut short by a matrimonial alliance. Last year, about this time, Miss Adelaide Kemble's marriage took place; last week Miss Clara Novello was married to Count Gigliucci, of Fermo, in the Roman states; and she also retires into the privacy of domestic life. A sterner fate has deprived the stage of a popular and agreeable comedian, Mr. Benjamin Wrench, who for upwards of thirty years has been constantly amusing London audiences at one theatre or another: he died of asthma, on the 23rd ult. His last character was that of *Captain Dudley Smooth*, in Sir E. Bulwer's play of 'Money,' in which he made quite a hit by his gentlemanlike ease and address: indeed, whether he played a *Jeremy Diddler*

or a *Belcour*, he was alike free from vulgarity and affectation. Mr. Wrench was of good family, and educated for the church, but his passion for the stage was not to be restrained. We believe he was unmarried, his brother and sister, Captain and Miss Wrench being mentioned as his only surviving relatives.

It is reported, that Mr. Macready, on his return from America, will assume the management of the Lyceum. We should be glad to have this rumour confirmed, being of opinion that the only chance for the restoration of Tragedy in the present state of the stage, is the establishment of a well chosen corps at a moderately sized theatre, under the direction of a man of experience and energy. When no less than seven minor theatres adopt a French melo-drama of crime and wretchedness, such as 'The Bohemians, or the Rogues of Paris,' which was first introduced at the Adelphi a few weeks ago—a medley of horrors and vulgarities, with something of 'Jack Sheppard' and 'Tom and Jerry' in its composition—there is little chance for the Shakspearian drama in those quarters.

We perceive that Sir Henry R. Bishop has resigned his Professorship at Edinburgh; the reason alleged being bad health. The situation, if treated otherwise than as a sinecure, must require no common attainments. The musician for "the Northern Athens" should be a good speaker, and apt at his pen, too, if needful; nor without a thorough understanding of that debatable land on which Art, Literature, and Science meet. Qualifications like these are increasingly required everywhere from the professor (not practitioner), but they seem to us indispensable for the metropolis of Scotland, and may be reasonably looked for, the liberality of the endowment considered.

Rumours are abroad promising, for our French theatre next season, Madame Albert, Mlles. Plessis, Déjazet, and Beauchêne; MM. Levassor, Achard, Volny, and Cartigny—every one, in short, but the actor of actors, Bouffé, who is said to be unwilling to present himself, without having made some additions to his repertory. This, owing to the warfare between his late manager (of the *Gymnase*), and the dramatic authors of Paris, has been impossible; and M. Bouffé has felt his position so intolerable, it seems, that he has left his old haunt for the *Varitès*,—the management of the latter paying to that of the former theatre the sum of 100,000 francs (4,000*l.*), forfeited by the actor on breach of his engagement. Bouffé has contracted with the *Varitès* for nine years. —Donizetti's 'Maria di Rohan' (Monsieur Tonson again!) has been very well received at the Italian Opera in Paris. A new work, by Sig. Persiani, 'Il Fantasma,' is said to be in preparation, while the manager of *L'Opéra Comique* has revived 'Une Folie,' by Méhul.

Notwithstanding all that has been said, and will possibly be sung, about royal progresses, the Artist is now the potentate who carries off the honours. At one and the same moment we receive news of a brilliant farewell given to Mademoiselle F. Elssler, at Hamburg—we read how M. Liszt has founded a presentation to the Blind School at Munich, and been received at Stuttgart, by an illumination from the people, and a cordial little short of an embrace from the King; and how Mr. Macready is enticing those in the scrupulous city of Philadelphia, who never went to plays before, to enjoy his interpretations of Shakspeare. Madame Cinti Damoreau and M. Arlot the violinist seem also to have been well received in the United States, though "with a difference." The journals are struck with the taste, delicacy, and consummate skill of the lady's—toilette. —At St. Petersburg the new Italian theatre was, last month, inaugurated, by the representation of Bellini's 'Il Pirata,' with Tamburini in the leading part. The prices for the occasion had been raised to sums varying from 100 to 800 roubles (1*l.* to 8*l.*), yet the theatre was filled to the roof. The 'Barber of Seville' has since been produced, the parts filled by Rubini (the collector of the company), Tamburini, and Madame Viardot-Garcia, creating an enthusiasm in the house—the Emperor's share of which led him on to the stage, to express his thanks to the actors in person. 'Otello' and the 'Gazza Ladra' are to follow.—At Berlin, the reconstruction of the Opera House proceeds rapidly; and its opening is

promised for the 15th of October (the King's birthday) in next year—a new opera by M. Kucken is spoken of. We learn also that the Hellenic circle of that capital is preparing for representation, on its own private theatre, and by amateurs of the highest rank, 'The Frogs' of Aristophanes. A new German translation has been made for the occasion by Prof. Franz, and set to music by Herr Commer; and the costumes and decorations have been got up under the directions of the distinguished Hellenists, Herrn Boeckh and Hermann.—At Milan, a new ballet, in seven tableaux, by Bernard Vestris, has been produced at the *Scala*, under the title of 'Caterina Cornaro,' taken from Halévy's 'Reine de Chypre,'—and of which report speaks highly.

From Stockholm, it is stated that a banquet was given on the 11th ult, by the Royal Academy of Sciences in that capital, in honour of the sixty-fourth birthday of Berzelius; the same day being also the twenty-fifth anniversary of the nomination of that illustrious man to the office of Secretary of the learned body in question.—From Copenhagen, we hear that Thorwaldsen has completed the colossal statue of Hercules, destined, with those of *Æsculapius*, *Minerva*, and *Nemesis* (all colossal, and of bronze), to adorn the façade of the royal residence, the Castle of Christiansburg.

The German periodicals speak highly of a new work by Dr. G. F. Waagen, on 'The Arts and Artists of Germany.' One volume only is published, which contains his remarks on the arts in Saxony and Franconia. Among the works announced as shortly to appear, the most interesting are—Alexander von Humboldt's 'Kosmos, or a Sketch of Physical Geography'; 'A Collection of old High and Lower-Saxon Popular Songs (Volkslieder), with Dissertations' by the poet Uhland; a new novel of Frederika Bremer, to be entitled, 'The Diary.'—In Berlin, the new work by Bettina has given rise to many speculations—some journalists cannot comprehend even the title, which is 'Dies Buch gehört dem König'; others are astonished at the price, and wonder that the "Frau Rath" (for the book principally contains recollections of Goethe's mother) could so clearly foresee the present state of society in Germany.—Eckermann has collected another volume of Conversations—or rather recollections of conversations—with Goethe.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

NOW OPEN, with a NEW EXHIBITION, representing the CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME DE PARIS, with effects of Sunset and Moonlight, painted by M. RENOUX, and the BASILICA OF ST. PAUL, near Rome, before and after its destruction by Fire, painted by M. BOUVOY. Open from Ten till Four.—N.B. The Gloria, from Haydn's Service, No. 1, will be performed during the midnight effect of the Cathedral of Notre Dame.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—BRILLIANT EFFECTS are produced by ARMSTRONG'S HYDRO-ELECTRIC MACHINE at three o'clock, and at eight in the Evening (except Saturday Evenings), by LONGBOTTOM'S OPAQUE MICROSCOPE the singular Optical Illusion of converting a Matrix into the appearance of being a Cast in bold relief, is exhibited, with a variety of other curious effects. Particulars of the CHEMICAL and PHILOSOPHICAL LECTURES, which are delivered Daily, are suspended in the Hall of Manufactures. DISOLVING VIEWS. DIVER and DIVING BELL. Numerous STEAM ENGINE and other MODELS at work. The original CRAYON DRAWINGS OF RAPHAEL'S CARTOONS, &c. &c.—Admission, One Shilling.—Schools, Half-price.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ASIATIC SOCIETY.—Nov. 25.—Prof. Wilson in the chair. Lieut. Crutenden was elected a non-resident member.—The Secretary, concluded the reading of the paper, 'On the History, Geographical Limits, and Chronology of the Chera Kingdom,' by Mr. Dowson.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.—Nov. 17.—J. E. Gray, Esq. President, in the chair.—Dr. Bromfield presented a species of *Calamintha*, new to the British Flora, discovered by him in the Isle of Wight. Read 'Notes of a Botanical Excursion taken in Warwickshire, Worcestershire, Wales, and Ireland,' by Mr. S. P. Woodward. At the last meeting (*ante*, p. 1011), specimens of *Borkhausia setosa*, D.C. were exhibited, collected by Mr. Cumming, at Audley End, Essex, in 1841, and Mr. G. S. Gibson presented specimens of the same plant, collected by him at Sampford, in the same county, during the present year.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.—Nov. 22.—E. Forster, Esq., in the chair. D. W. Mitchell, Esq., was elected a Fellow.—A continuation of Mr. Griffith's paper on

the Rhizanthæ was read. In conclusion the author criticized the position in which Blume and Endlicher had placed this portion of the vegetable kingdom. He came to the conclusion that there was not sufficient ground for the separation of these plants as a distinct class; that even as an artificial arrangement it was not warranted by utility, and that such a deviation from the ordinary principles of classification was unphilosophical. A description was given of a new genus of Rhizanthæ, called *Sabria*, which had been discovered by the author in Assam. The genus *Sabria* holds a position between the genera *Brugmansia* and *Rafflesia*. The paper was illustrated by drawings of dissections of the *Sabria Himalayana*. This plant was found parasitic on a species of *Cissus*, which is abundant in the Himalaya.

NUMISMATIC SOCIETY.—Nov. 23.—The President, Lord Albert Conyngham, in the chair.—Gen. Stacey and T. Lott, Esq., were elected members.—Mr. Smith exhibited another variety of a new type of British or Gaulish coins, brought before the notice of the society during the last session. It is in gold, and was found on Titchfield Hill, Hampshire. On the obverse, within a label, are the letters "TINC;" on the reverse, a horseman hurling a javelin; beneath, the letters C.P. The latter Mr. Smith considered to be copied from one of the Roman consular coins. A paper was read from Mr. Dickenson on the gold rings used as money in the interior of Africa. Mr. Akerman then read an account of some gold coins of the French kings of the first race, found, together with some jewels and gold ornaments, by C. E. Lefroy, Esq., at Crondale, in Hampshire, near an eminence called Caesar's Camp. At the period when these coins were struck, namely, the fifth and sixth centuries, the coinage minted in England was confined to silver and brass, while in France it was exclusively in gold. Some of these coins, however, would appear to present an exception to this received rule, for they bear on the reverse the word "LYNDYNN," from which Mr. Akerman is of opinion they are of English origin, and were minted in London.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—Nov. 22.—Thomas Hoblyn, Esq. V.P. in the chair. The following were elected members of the Society: J. Farey, W. P. Bodkin, S. Hall, W. Fairbairn, R. Warrington, G. Pownall, G. Boccia, W. Prosser, J. Farrell, J. T. Cooper, J. H. Mott, J. Alexander, S. Geary, A. A. Croll, R. Penny, W. Crosskill, J. Marriott, and J. Enslie, Esqs. Drs. Lees and Atkin, and Messrs. Westley, E. W. Trent, Gad, Colville, Dower, Jones, and G. A. Paine.

The Secretary read a paper, by Mr. Dircks, 'On the Smokeless Argand Furnace' of C. W. Williams, Esq., of Liverpool, long since noticed in this journal.

Nov. 29.—B. Rotch, Esq., V.P. in the chair.—R. Bethell, T. Grant, H. Banks, and R. Sheppard, Esqs. were elected members.—The Secretary read a paper by Mr. H. K. Dyer, 'On the Metallic Sand.'—This sand is produced by grinding copper slag by means of powerful machinery, and consists of iron, zinc, arsenic, and silica, the iron predominating; the slag is procured in abundance in Swansea. In chemical analysis it is very similar to the pozzolano, and in point of durability is found to be equal to the latter. With blue lias lime, which is used for hydraulic works, the metallic sand readily enters into combination, and these having been used together for external works, exposed to all the changes of the atmosphere, have proved the indurating qualities of the metallic sand, after an experience of eight years. Specimens were laid on the table: 1st, brickwork of a fresh-water tank, which had been erected six years, was removed by a pick-axe; the bricks yielding to the strokes of the axe, but the cement remaining solid; 2nd, imitations of marble executed by a painter on the face of stuccoed-work, formed of metallic cement, in conjunction with common chalk, lime, and putty, and afterwards polished; 3rd, a specimen of fresco-painting, also executed on a face similar to the above; 4th, a vase, the figures on which retain their original sharpness, although it has been exposed to the atmosphere for many years.—Mr. Chanter explained his moveable fire bars, the object of which is, to prevent the accumulation of clinker, and to keep the air channels open. This has been noticed before in this journal.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

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| Mon. | British Architects, 8, P.M. |
| — | Entomological Society, 8. |
| — | Chemical Society, 8. |
| Tues. | Linnean Society, 8. |
| — | Horticultural Society, 2. |
| Wed. | Society of Arts, 3.—General Meeting.—Mr. Rotch, V.P. will describe 'Ellis's Improved Turn Table and Weigh Bridge for Railways.' |
| Thurs. | Zoological Society, 3.—General Business. |
| — | Royal Academy.—Anatomical Lecture. |
| — | Royal Society, half-past 8. |
| — | Society of Antiquaries, 8. |
| Fri. | Astronomical Society, 8. |

FINE ARTS.

DECORATION.

House-Painting.

THE British School of Painting is already distinguished as a school of colour, and we islanders are said to delight in full toned and positive colouring: a proposition we are not disposed to controvert, though it is rather puzzling to find satisfactory evidence of it at the present time. We do not see our public buildings, our churches, our places of assemblage for lay purposes, our private dwellings, our dress, or our furniture, generally animated with the fascinations of colours. Truth surely would compel us to admit, in spite of growing exceptions which might be quoted to the contrary, that we have little else but frigid white-washings and sombre neutral tints in our buildings, and show little knowledge and appreciation of colour in the more mechanical productions of art. Yet in none of Nature's domains is she more bountiful in specimens of colour and its endless varieties, than in our country. During the revolution of a year, we are treated with blue skies rivaling those of Italy (—not frequently, perhaps, yet we do have them) and red fiery sunsets, not inferior in depth and intensity to those of Libya, and between these extremes, arising from the modification of light, we may collect every variety of cold colouring on the one hand, and warm on the other. The colouring of our vegetation too, is, of infinite diversity; and where is the clime that shows such delicate varieties in the colouring of complexions and eyes? Yet somehow, if we view the use and employment of colours at the present time, we cannot be said to be following up in our own works, the bountiful gifts and suggestions of Nature. Time was when we seemed in our practice more sensible of the influence of colour. The old Papistical Chapter of the metropolitan cathedral painted the walls of Old St. Paul's; whilst the new Protestant Chapter actually refused to receive paintings as a gift. Such remnants of Middle Age furniture as are preserved to us, indicate a much more extensive employment of bright colouring, than the furniture of our own time. Perhaps no very early specimens of the use of colouring in the interior of our domestic dwellings, can now be produced, yet as we know well, that the *outsides* of houses were hung on high days with brilliant tinted tapestry, we are surely justified in inferring, that the insides of houses had other tints than neutral ones. Even so near our times as the Commonwealth, our dress was far more coloured than it is now. It might be proved, that before the Reformation, English people delighted in strong and bright colours, and perhaps the temporary suppression of the taste (a suppression but temporary, though its duration has been so long) might be shown to have been owing to that event: we will not, however, discuss the point here. From some cause, it is certain, that we have ceased, for a long period, to use colours as much as we formerly did, and we may welcome that general revival in the employment of them which is assuredly taking place, and which first began to show itself markedly in pictures. It is, therefore, little matter for surprise, if we find in so subordinate an application of colouring as the decoration of our dwellings, either very little positive colouring, or very little knowledge or taste displayed in the employment of so much as we do find. In a paper on the subject of painting, in the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, the following remarks occur on the present state of House-Painting, very apposite to what we have here advanced:—

"With us, the practice is chiefly confined to that of a mere handicraft, where little refinement is sought for, beyond the simple usage of the painter's shop, the mixing up of colours and their smooth application to the wall. Whereas, in Italy, the study and

acquirements of a house-painter are little inferior to what is requisite for the higher branches of the art; and, in fact, the practice of both is not unfrequently combined. They are more conversant with the science, as well as the practice, of colouring, with the rules of harmony and with the composition of ornamental painting in all its branches; so that their works might be transferred to canvas, and admired for their excellence. In fact, the great frescoes of the first masters, which have been the admiration of ages, were but part of the general embellishment of the churches and palaces of Italy. And the most celebrated names in the list of artists, have left memorials of their fame in the humble decorations of the arabesque, in which all the exuberance and playfulness of fancy is displayed, as well as the most enchanting harmony of brilliant colours. It is in this essential point of harmony, that our practice is particularly defective; we rarely see, in the simple painting of our apartments, any combination of colours that is not in some part offensive against even the common rules of art; if there are any rules observed, save those of mere caprice or chance—although there are certain combinations pointed out by the laws of optics, which can as little be made to harmonize as two discordant notes in music. The unpleasant effects arising from such erroneous mixtures and juxtapositions, we are often sufficiently aware of, without having the skill requisite to assign the reason any more than the painter who chose them. This accounts for the prevalent use of neutral colours in our ornamental painting, which is less liable to offend by whatever bright colour it may be relieved, and likewise the safer and more agreeable combination of the different shades of the same indefinite colour. But no sooner do our painters attempt any combination of decided colours than they fail. The ornamental painting, in Italy, is almost entirely in decided colours of the most brilliant hue, and yet always inexpressibly pleasing in the combinations, because the rules of harmony are known and attended to. Neither is this proficiency confined to the decoration of palaces, or the more elaborate and expensive works; we have seen in dwellings of a much humbler cast, and indeed in general practice, the most graceful designs of ornament painted, not in the simple manner of Cambray, but displaying every possible tint of bold and vivid colouring, and melting into each other with all the skill and harmony of a piece of brilliant music."

For our parts, we are disposed to believe harmonious colouring, consistently employed in the decoration of all buildings—inhabited buildings especially, where we spend a great part of our lives—not to be either slight or unimportant in its influence on the moral tone of the inhabitants. As we may read to some extent the character of individuals in their dress, so we believe we might do so, in the character of their dwellings. Hence, a very dull-minded, tasteless people we may be pronounced to have been during the eighteenth century. A room of bright and cheerful appearance surely tends to dispel gloomy and melancholy associations, whilst a dark and dismal cell provokes them. Glitter and tawdriness disturb thoughtfulness, whilst quietude in colouring tends to suggest it.

"Experience," says Goethe, "teaches us that particular colours excite particular states of feeling." It is related of a witty Frenchman, "Il prétendit que son ton de conversation avec Madame étoit changé depuis qu'elle avoit changé en carmoisi le meuble de son cabinet qui étoit bleu."

The great majority of domestic apartments at the present time, even in houses of the first class, have scarcely any marked features of decoration about them which indicate taste or knowledge. They present a monotonous sameness and deficiency of any principles of taste,—the varieties of character which occur, from time to time, being regulated only by the caprices of fashion. Sometimes every room you enter is of one colour. In one of the most splendid of modern houses in the metropolis—we mean in Sutherland House—we have been especially struck with the monotony of white and profuse gilding, in the forms of the Louis Quinze period. Sometimes the rage is for warm shades of colouring, at others for cold, though the preponderating taste seems to take refuge in dull, characterless, neutral colouring. "People of refinement" (to quote Goethe again) "have a disinclination to colours. This

may be owing partly to weakness of sight, partly to the uncertainty of taste, which readily takes refuge in absolute negation." During one season salmon colour, as it is called, reigns supreme; then sage colour succeeds salmon; drab follows sage or slate; and then all varieties of crimson put out the drabs. Each is employed in its turn, without the slightest reference to any of the questions which should determine its appropriateness or otherwise. It is the same with ornamental patterns. One year you find every drawing-room papered with patterns of flowers, another year scrolls will be all the rage. One year small patterns are correct—in the following large only can be tolerated; and whilst each fashion reigned, each was exclusively used. Crimson walls in south aspects, leaden coloured ones in north aspects. Small patterns applied to rooms large and small, and large patterns to rooms small and large. A like absence of any recognized principles is seen in the carpets and hangings. When crimson walls were oftenest seen, then was the call for drab and light-coloured carpets. More by luck, than anything else, it is now the fashion to have the carpets darker in colour than the walls. We may often enter a room which, preserving something of each shifting fashion of the few past years, exhibits a violation of every principle of harmonious decoration. Walls of a hot and positive colour in a room with a southern aspect—blue ceilings fuller of colour than the drab carpets, with curtains and hangings of scarlet—and perchance a huge sofa covered with black horse-hair. Not a single tint appropriate or consistent, but the whole a medley of unsuitableness.

Having watched this subject, with interest, for years, we have arrived at some conclusions which, we think, it may possibly be useful to submit to our readers, and we shall endeavour to do so, in such a shape, that they may be turned, perhaps, to some practical account. It appears to us, that certain principles of decoration may be laid down, which, if recognized and applied, would make our dwellings much more cheerful and comfortable; which might make them comparatively beautiful, not only without any additional cost, but would make the keep of them more economical, by rendering them, to a great degree, independent of the caprices of fashion. It is the absence of correct principles which causes decoration and furniture to be out of fashion—tire-some—palling to the eye, and subject to constant change,—whereas, what is really beautiful, being based on everlasting principles, is subject to no change. We think the greater part of the painting of a house might be a work to last for a life, with benefit even to journeyman painters, and infinite satisfaction to the house inhabitant. A truly melancholy suspension of comfort is the work of painting a house. Your whole little world so turned upside down, that it hardly rights itself before the work has to be done again. What a comfort it would be to undergo the penance only once in a life, instead of every seven years.

It seems to us quite a mistake—though a very common and popular one—to imagine that Beauty is necessarily costly in its production. Nothing could be cheaper in material or manufacture, than the earthenware pots of the ancient Etruscans, yet they have perfect and everlasting beauty in their forms. The preference of one colour to another, within a very wide range of colours, is not at all a thing of greater or lesser cost. So far from beauty being costly, it would more often happen that in a given number of existing specimens of decoration, the greater beauty and harmony would be obtained at a smaller cost of labour and material, than what are expended to produce ugliness and confusion. Take, at random, a dozen patterns of paper hangings of various colours and devices, and in the majority of them, we believe it could be shown, that their cost of production might be materially lessened, whilst their beauty should be greatly enhanced.

Before we proceed further in the discussion of any practical rules for colouring interiors of houses, we must find room to quote, from Mr. Hay's work on Decorative Painting, some of his statements of the principal defects which he has observed in internal decorations. A conviction that our practice is not what it ought to be, and a humble recognition that there may exist rules for our guidance, though we may not be cognizant of them, are the first steps in

amendment. The popularity of Mr. Hay's excellent work renders any further commendation on our part superfluous, and its arrival at a fourth edition affords a good sign of increasing attention to the subject. We wish it had been somewhat more specific and practical in its details for general use. It is essentially a work of principles. Mr. Hay considers the first and most obvious defect to be when there is no particular tone or key fixed on for the colouring of an apartment; "that is, when one part of the furniture is chosen without any reference to the rest, and the painting done without any reference to the furniture. This generally produces an incongruous mixture." The reader will understand what is meant by "tone or key" by what follows:—

The "tone or key" is generally fixed by the choice of the furniture; for as the furniture of a room may be considered in regard to colouring in the same light as the principal figures in a picture, the general tone must depend upon the colours of which it is composed: for instance, if the prevailing colour be blue, grey, cool green, or lilac, the general tone must be cool; but if, on the other hand, it is red, orange, brown, yellow, or a warm tint of green, the tone must be warm." We may give an example of the principles here insisted on. The important masses of colour, independent of those on walls in most rooms, are furnished by the carpet, the covering of the sofa, chairs, &c., the draperies of the curtains, and the covering of the tables. The colours of all these are too frequently chosen without any reference one to the other. If the colour of the furniture be light blue, then it would be bad taste to colour the walls crimson, or select a carpet with any amber colour or much warm brown colour in it. There is a very apt illustration of this in a small drawing-room in the Reform Club, which we have noticed for another purpose below. So with the objects *vice versa*. The blue furniture might fitly be surrounded with any colour in which its own colour predominated, or even with a lemon colour—full toned or light in degree according to the tone of the key (i. e. the blue) colour. Mr. Hay's advice is perfectly sound in this case; and, as a case often occurs, where the decoration has to be adapted to furniture already existing, it is wise to lay down the proper principle for its mode of treatment. But it must not hence be inferred that furniture of any colour may be chosen at random, and then the decorative colouring of the apartment suited to it. In cases where both the furniture and decoration are to be newly provided, where the whole department of decoration is to begin *ab initio*, then the choice of colours for all objects should be determined upon principles mutually applicable to all. In such cases (of which we shall have to speak hereafter), the tone of the general colouring should be fixed with reference to much broader principles than any one dependent merely on the accidental colouring of the furniture.

"A second and more common fault," proceeds Mr. Hay, "is the predominance of some bright and intense colour either upon the walls or floor. It is evident that the predominance of a bright and overpowering colour upon so large a space as the floor or wall of a room, must injure the effect of the finest furniture." Very often indeed do we meet with illustrations of this fault. Look over half the paper-hangings in London, and it is most palpable in them. Nothing more common than to find a paper with a cool leaden-coloured ground or surface covered over with glaring bright yellow scrolls. It is a defect no less prevalent in carpets, which are everywhere to be seen strewn with flower-patterns, Louis Quatorze scrolls, and affected imitations of forms manifested in intense brightness. "A third error is introducing deep and pale colours, which may have been well enough chosen in regard to their hues, but whose particular degrees of strength or tint have not been attended to. Thus the intensity of one or more may so affect those which they were intended to balance and relieve, as to give them a faded and unfinished appearance. This may proceed from applying the fundamental laws without any regard to the minutie; for although it is always necessary to subdue and neutralize such colours as are introduced in large quantities, yet when they are reduced by dilution alone the effect cannot be good. This error is also very common in the colouring of carpets and paper-hangings. In such productions the degree of inten-

sity of the individual colours is seldom taken into account. A pale tint of blue is often introduced as an equivalent to the richest orange colour, and sometimes a small portion of lilac—one of the lightest tints of purple—as a balancing colour to a quantity of the most intense yellow. This is inverting the natural order of colours altogether. Every one may understand by this, that if it is desired to contrast effectively one colour with another,—say a crimson with green—if one is deep toned or dark, so should be the other."

Having thus briefly stated what appear to be the most obvious defects of the present modes of coloured decoration in our domestic residences, we shall submit some hints for the consideration of any of our readers who may contemplate employing the House Painter and Decorator. We must however premise, that in treating a subject like the present, the absence of positive and practical illustration places us under much disadvantage. To illustrate fully the force of our observations, this paper should be read hand in hand with specimens of colours. The house-painter, states Mr. Hay, "must take into consideration not only the style of architecture, the situation, whether in town or country, but the very rays by which each apartment is lighted, whether they proceed directly from the sun or are merely reflected from the northern sky." Without undervaluing the importance of attending to the architecture and situation, it appears to us that Mr. Hay places that consideration which has the greatest weight last in order—namely that which depends on the aspect of the room to be coloured. To us it appears, after bearing in mind the nature and characteristics of the climate, that the first question to be asked before commencing any work of internal decoration is, What is the

Aspect

of the room to be decorated? In considering *Climate*, Nature herself seems to offer us abundant analogies for our guidance. In countries where light is least abundant, there the objects of nature have the least dark colouring. Near the North Pole, where the darkness of night is almost perpetual, Nature clothes the ground and animals in snowy whiteness. In the regions of the Tropics, where the light is strongest, the deepest colours, approaching to black, are most frequent. In countries advanced in art, where the light is abundant and powerful, we find the greatest employment made of deep-toned colouring. The ancients, in brightly lighted countries, as at Pompeii, were accustomed to paint large surfaces of their interior habitations positive blacks. In those cases where we find such examples, the rooms were entirely open above to the heavens, and the supply of light was altogether uninterrupted. In a climate like that of any part of Great Britain, we should never dream of covering large surfaces with black or even with very dark blue, or purple, and scarcely with very deep crimson, unless under peculiar circumstances. During three-fifths of the year, the light in our country is subject to constant obscuration. We therefore say, as a general rule, let the colouring be light. We do not mean to exclude the judicious use of any positive strong colours, or even of black itself, which may be employed most successfully in details, but we contend that the first general impression of rooms in England should be light rather than dark. As our climate also inclines rather to cold than warmth throughout the year, the general rule should be to have warm colouring in preference to cold, though our present practice tends more in a contrary direction.

It may not, perhaps, be unnecessary to put in an untechnical form, a meaning of the terms *warm* and *cold* colouring, which may be at once understood. Some colours are called primary, some secondary, some tertiary. Every reader, we assume, knows a blue from a red, red from green, yellow from purple, and the most obvious and common distinctions of colouring. Without entering into any theory on the subject, we say that blue, red, and yellow are *primitive* colours—that is, that they are self-created colours, because the compounding together of no other colours will produce them. Green, orange, and purple are secondary colours, and result from the admixture of the three primitive colours. The tertiary mixtures, such as olive, brown, slate, are formed by the union of the secondary colours themselves, or the colours

which make them, in the same proportions. The two colours which represent the extremes of heat and cold are *red* and *blue*. Yellow stands midway between them, and by itself is neither positively warm nor cold, though it rather more inclines to warmth than coldness, as we see illustrated in the green colours. As greens contain blue, they are cold looking, as yellow warm. Mixed colours, in proportion as they contain red, incline to warmth—as they contain blue, to coldness. It is true, we may have the effects of both warmth and coldness, and strong effects too, without using any positive colour at all; but this requires a peculiar treatment. We purposely avoid entering upon the effects which an artistic knowledge of contrasts may realize. We are writing rather for those who are ignorant of refinements, and our object is to deal with the most general principles rather than any exception of them. Our first canon, therefore, for all general purposes in internal decoration in this country is, that the general colouring be both light and warm; leaden and cold neutral tints should be altogether eschewed, if our aim be to banish gloom and chilliness from our houses, and to have cheerfulness and warmth instead. We are far less liable to error by leaning to warm rather than to cold colouring.

We have now to show what are the circumstances modifying the application of this general rule. The first and most important considerations, as we have already said, are those arising out of *Aspect*. Bearing in mind the general necessity for the employment rather of warm and light colours than of cold and dark ones, the circumstances of the aspect of the room to be decorated should regulate the inclination to the use of one or the other. You are going to decorate your drawing-room or dining-room both with furniture and colouring. Before you speak to your upholsterer or house painter, have a perfect understanding and recognition of what is the *aspect* of the room. Let no circumstances make you regardless of this fundamental consideration. No cost will remedy the forgetfulness. Spend what you will, you will always repent having a cold colour in a room lighted from the north, or a very hot colour in a room lighted from the south. If the aspect be north, north-east, north-west, or due east, the general tone of colouring should be positively warm. Blues, greens, and all shaded colours which involve any predominant use of blue, must be avoided. There is a drawing-room in the Reform Club, looking north, which may convince any one of the mistake of forgetting aspect. The walls and curtains are blue; with all its elegance—and its ceiling and cornice are beautiful—the effect of this room by daylight is always chilly. It would be just the reverse if it looked upon Carlton Gardens. There is also a room in Windsor Castle, looking on the North Terrace, called Queen Adelaide's room, which is decorated with blue and silver—a most frigid looking room even in the midst of summer. In such aspects the choice should tend towards reds, and all their various combinations with yellow. As the aspect approaches east and west, so the colours should verge towards yellow rather than red tints. In an eastern aspect, tints of light yellows, lemon colours, &c. are always effective and cheerful. If the aspect of the room be south, south-west, and west, and open to the direct rays of the sun, then we may venture on the use of cooler colours—even on positive blue, should our taste lead us in that direction.

We have scarcely passed the threshold of our subject, but are warned that our limits are exhausted. We must therefore postpone other observations, on many details of the subject, to another occasion.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

DRURY LANE.—We are spared the necessity of detailing the plot of Mr. Bunn's "Bohemian Girl," set by Mr. Balfe, and now running its career of nightly success—since the opera is based on the ballet of "The Gipsy," the second act of which will never be forgotten by those who have seen Fanny Elssler's brilliant pantomime, accompanied by Weber's *Preciosa* music. We are inclined to think that a too great desire for English popularity has somewhat impaired the value of the opera, since it hardly reaches the solidity of one of the modern musical dramas given at the Parisian

Opéra Comique; and thence, we fear, it may not prove sufficiently weighty to keep possession of a large stage, and to bear, without being borne down, spectacle so gorgeous as has been lavished on it. Briefly, we do not find the work so good of its kind as 'Geraldine,' or 'Keolanthé.' It contains taking ballads for Miss Rainforth, Mr. Harrison, and Mr. Borroni, by which each singer gets an *encore*, and has deservedly advanced with the public. There is a very pretty gipsy chorus, the leading phrase of which, according to the modern plan, forms the thread, as it were, on which most of the scenes are strung; but the musical pieces of greater pretension are too fragmentary; and more than one situation (witness *Arline's* examination before the Count) is said, which ought to have been sung. Further to illustrate our meaning—the best thing in the opera is the introductory chorus and dialogue to the second act; while the splendours of the Presburg fair become unmeaning, owing to the tenuity of musical interest. But—not to quarrel with pippins because they are not pine-apples—Mr. Balfe has opened his better vein of melody, treated us to some piquant instrumentation, and finished his task more carefully than he used to do: and the opera will and ought to attract for a time. In addition to the artists we have praised, we must commend Mr. Stretton, who always acts, and this time enters thoroughly into his part. The orchestra is mellow; and the chorus (our Billingtons would not believe such doings, could they revisit their old haunts!) positively accomplishes *pianissimo*, and *sforzando*, and *crescendo* effects. The dresses are superb, and the scenery picturesque and appropriate.

HAYMARKET.—Another French vaudeville has been served up à l'Anglaise, without the "couplets," as a first course in the evening's entertainment at this theatre. The *originality* of the plot is beyond question; the French *vaudeville* having been suggested by one of M. A. de Musset's dramatized magazine-tales, the invention of which was derived from Massinger's 'Picture,' which play was probably founded on a Spanish story. 'Caught in a Trap' is ushered in by a lively chorus of peasants, that gives promise of a subsequent musical treat, which is not fulfilled; but this is accounted for by the circumstance of Mrs. Nisbett and Mr. Webster filling the parts originally intended for Madame Vestris and Mr. C. Mathews, whose protracted absence from the theatre—occasioned by pecuniary embarrassments—obliged the manager to find substitutes for those clever performers. A more attractive bait than Mrs. Nisbett could not be desired; her laugh is music of a mirthful kind; and though Mr. Webster, who is "caught in the trap," does not solace his captivity with a song, Buckstone, his fellow-prisoner, is a sort of "musical mouse," and has a ravenous appetite for cheese. Mrs. Nisbett first appears in the guise of a peasant boy, her merry face almost hidden in a bush of red hair, and then as a countess, in satin and feathers; showing, in both costumes, the arch joyousness which is the charm of her acting—to which, let us add by way of hint, she too often sacrifices traits of character. How she dupes the gallant soldier who has taken her husband prisoner, and turns the tables on him when he seeks to entrap her, let the piece itself tell; for in this consists its amusement. The doleful dumps of two hungry captives, compelled to spin flax and work at a tumbour frame for their supper, by two such pretty task-mistresses as Mrs. Nisbett and Miss Julia Bennett, is enough to put any audience in good humour, especially when Buckstone is in the case.

Mr. and Mrs. Keeley are playing at the Princess's, but they have not yet appeared in any piece worthy of their talents.

MISCELLANEA

Paris Academy of Sciences.—Nov. 13.—A paper was read from M. de Ruolz, in which he proposes to substitute, for general purposes, the oxide of antimony for white lead, and thus prevent the painful diseases to which those who use and who prepare white lead are subject. Among its other advantages, he says that it is as pure in colour as the most beautiful silver white; it forms with oil an unctuous and cohesive mixture, and as a coating to wood or any other article is superior to white lead; when dry it preserves its brilliancy, and, mixed with other colours, produces a much better effect than white

lead; it is also two-thirds cheaper. M. de Ruolz states, that in the preparation of the flower of antimony, there is no danger to the operator, and that in using it as a paint none of those emanations take place which make white lead so dangerous.—A paper entitled 'Remarks on the so-called Pigmy Race of the Valley of the Mississippi' was received from S. G. Morton, M.D., Dr. Frost, of Nashville, having obtained a skeleton of one of these people, exhumed from a cemetery near the Cumberland Mountains, in White County, Tennessee. These coffins (observes McCall) are from 18 to 24 inches in length, by 18 inches deep and 15 wide. These are made of six pieces of undressed sandstone or limestone, in which the bodies are placed, with their shoulders and head elevated against the eastern end, and their knees raised towards the face, so as to put the corpse in a reclined or sitting position. The right arm resting on an earthen pot of about two pints in capacity, without legs, but with lateral projections for lifting them. With these pots, in some graves, are found basins and trays, also of pipeclay and comminuted shells mixed; and no one of these repositories is without cooking utensils. In one of the graves was found a complete skull, and an os femoris, but most of the other bones were broken in hastily removing them. This is said to be the largest skeleton ever found at any of these burying-grounds. It has the cranium very flat and broad, and very projecting front teeth, and appears to have pertained to an individual not over 12 or 14 years of age. These remains are to me, says Mr. Morton, an additional and convincing proof that the so-called pigmies of the Western countries were merely children, who, for reasons not readily explained, but which actuate some religious communities of our own time, were buried apart from the adult people of their own tribe.—Nov. 20.—A communication, in connexion with that made by M. de Ruolz, relative to the substitution of flower of antimony for white lead as paint, was made by M. Roussau. For some time past this gentleman has been endeavouring to extract the sulphur from pyrites, and, having succeeded in his experiments, he stated the result. His mode of operating is simple, being an imitation of the natural reaction by which oxygen is fixed on oxidizable substances, by the influence of steam. It suffices to pass over sulphurets of iron, lead, copper, and antimony, a double stream of air and steam, for the pyritous mass to be reduced entirely to a sulphurous acid and a metallic oxide, in the form of an impalpable powder. Thus, the unproductive mines of antimony in France may be turned to immediate account, as this oxide is, without further preparation, in a fit state for mixing with oil, to be used as paint. All that remains to be ascertained is, that this substitute for white lead may be used with safety.—Several chemical papers were read, but none of a nature to interest the public.—M. Arago presented a model of the new flood-gates invented by M. Fourneyron, and which it is proposed, as already stated, to place under the arches of the Pont Neuf.

Metropolitan Improvements.—Destruction is doing its work energetically. The clump of buildings about the middle of Broad Street, St. Giles's will soon be completely removed. At this point the new street from Waterloo Bridge will form the angle, and enter the new line from Oxford Street to Holborn. One half the houses are gone which obstructed the proposed street from Piccadilly to Long Acre. An act of parliament is to be applied for to widen the carriage road on the south side of Piccadilly, between Bolton Street and Park Lane, taking in so much of the Green Park as will make that portion of Piccadilly of a uniform width of seventy feet, or thereabouts. At the same time the government intend to apply for powers to commence the proposed Thames Embankment. On this subject Lord Lincoln has written the following letter to the Lord Mayor:—

1, Whitehall Place, Nov. 8, 1843.
My Lord,—As chairman of the commissioners appointed by Her Majesty for "inquiring into and considering the most effectual means of improving the metropolis, and providing increased facilities of communication within the same," I have the honour to transmit herewith, for your Lordship's information, a plan of the proposed embankment between Westminster and Blackfriars Bridges, for the construction of which it is the intention of Her Majesty's Government to submit a bill to Parliament in the course of the ensuing session. It will afford me—as it will, I am sure, afford the commissioners—great pleasure to find that the result of these inquiries into the expediency of the course proposed

will be acceptable to the corporation, directed as those inquiries have been to the interests both of the navigation of the river and of the trade carried on upon its shores, and ultimately to the accomplishment, without prejudice to those interests, of a great metropolitan improvement.
I have the honour, &c.,
LINCOLN.

Rev. Sydney Smith.—(Abridged from *The Times*). In this journal there appeared about two months ago an announcement of the death of the Rev. James Tate, Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's, and vicar of Edmonton, with some account of that eminent scholar, consistent politician, and, above all, most excellent Christian. By Mr. Tate's death his family was almost suddenly deprived of the whole of that competence they had enjoyed but a short time, and which, after almost half a century of straitened circumstances, seemed necessary for their support in that station of society to which they belonged. By the death of Mr. Canon Tate the living of Edmonton fell to the disposal of Mr. S. Smith. We observe by the Clergy List that this gentleman possesses no other benefice but a small Chancery living in Somersetshire, under 300*l.* a year. Edmonton is upwards of 1,500*l.* He might have appropriated it to himself. Frankly, and without solicitation, he, within a very few days of the death of his friend the father, bestowed the living on the excellent son, Mr. Thomas Tate. It was an unexpected solace to the afflicted—a home to the family—a fortune to those who had sustained a severe deprivation; and the sacred duties of the living will, we have no doubt, be exemplarily performed by the present happy and grateful incumbent.

Hurricane.—The following extract is from a letter received by Mr. E. Turner, M.P. for Truro, from his son, H. M. Consul at Carthage, dated October 23rd:—"On the morning of the 21st, a most awful catastrophe occurred here, in sight of my house. About 4 o'clock in the morning vivid lightning came on, with tremendous thunder—such lightning as was never seen at Carthage within the memory of man. I left my bed, and proceeded to the window, where I had not been five minutes before I heard a great rushing of wind proceeding from the east, and I observed also a water-spout, which immediately burst, carrying with it into the air five large felucca boats, of forty to fifty tons each, which fell into the water again, upside down, and of course sank, with the poor sailors on board, fifteen of whom were drowned. It then proceeded in a north-west direction, unroofing houses, carrying off timber trees, and even rocks of great weight. This morning, two poor fellows, sailors, who belonged to one of the vessels, were found dead about a league from Carthage, having been carried off and dropped by the whirlwind. On the mole were thrown huge stones, houses were demolished, and the roof of the Prisihi, where the convicts are confined, was completely carried away. Strange, however, as it may seem, an English brig was at anchor within 50 yards of the spot where the water-spout burst, and sustained no damage whatever."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—J. W. G.—A letter and newspaper from Belfast—J. G.—received.

We are obliged to "A Reader," but the name was so spelt in the Paris papers, and we cannot alter it on the report of an anonymous correspondent.—We have received another letter from Mr. Borron, but the discussions which it involves are suited rather to a purely scientific journal, and we cannot further enter on the subject. His letter is left for him at our office in Wellington Street.

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The Proprietors are aware of the difficulties of dealing with the many details of cultivation without an acquaintance with circumstances, often as varying as places. They condemn the idea of conducting farming operations upon one invariable plan, and, while they welcome science as the best auxiliary of practice, they regard crude speculations as the most dangerous of delusions. But, they also feel that in Agriculture, as in all other arts, there are general principles upon which successful farming must depend: that there are practical errors which no local circumstances can justify; in short, that there is room for improvement even in those branches which are best understood. No one man can be competent to deal with the multifarious questions affecting husbandry, and the duty of the Editor of such a Paper as THE AGRICULTURAL GAZETTE is to make known the knowledge of all. It is to practical Farmers that the Proprietors trust for the means of carrying out their views, and not to the talents of any individual. While, therefore, they state that the Editor of THE AGRICULTURAL GAZETTE will be a gentleman well acquainted with the best kind of Farming, in which he is actively engaged, they feel it to be of far more importance to announce that they have received promises of assistance from all the most distinguished Practical Agriculturists.

With FREE TRADE, FIXED DUTIES, SLIDING SCALE, &c. &c., THE AGRICULTURAL GAZETTE will in no way concern itself—such questions can only be of temporary interest; whereas THE AGRICULTURAL GAZETTE will be devoted to the investigation of those great truths which human laws cannot affect.

The Practice of Agriculture—its Science—Animal and Vegetable Physiology—Improvements in Implements—better modes of Husbandry—results of well-conducted experimental Farming—Growth and Rotation of Crops—Stock—Drainage—Irrigation—Forestry—Road making—Farm Buildings—Labourers—in short, whatever affects the beneficial employment of capital in land—will form topics of consideration. Reports will be given of the English, Scotch, and Irish Agricultural Societies—London Market Prices of Corn, Hay, and Cattle, and the Weekly Averages. Replies to questions connected with the object of the paper will also be furnished weekly.

Considering the union which exists between Horticulture and Agriculture, it has been thought advisable to make THE AGRICULTURAL GAZETTE an addition to the GARDENERS' CHRONICLE, edited by Dr. LINDLEY, and so extensively known; but that there may be ample room for discussion, that Paper will be increased one-half in size without additional charge—thus Twenty-four Columns will be occupied, as at present, by Horticulture, and Twenty-four by the General News of the Week, whilst

Twenty-four Columns will be devoted to Agriculture.

On Saturday, January 6th, will be published, price SIXPENCE, stamped to go free by post,

THE FIRST NUMBER OF THE GARDENERS' CHRONICLE AND AGRICULTURAL GAZETTE:

A Weekly Record of Rural Economy and General News.

THE HORTICULTURAL PART EDITED BY PROFESSOR LINDLEY.

The principle on which the Gardening part of this paper has been conducted has been to make it a weekly record of everything that bears upon Horticulture, Floriculture, Arboriculture, or Garden Botany, and such Natural History as has a relation to Gardening, with Notices and Criticisms of all works on such subjects. Connected with this part are WEEKLY CALENDARS OF GARDENING OPERATIONS, given in detail, and adapted to the objects of persons in every station of life; so that the Cottager with a few rods of ground before his door, the Amateur who has only a greenhouse, and the Manager of extensive gardens, are alike informed of the routine of operations which the varying seasons render necessary. It moreover contains Reports of Horticultural Exhibitions and Proceedings—Notices of Novelties and Improvements—in short, everything that can tend to advance the profession, benefit the condition of the workman, or conduce to the pleasure of his employer; accompanied with Woodcuts, whenever the matter treated of requires that mode of illustration.

To this Farming, as explained above, will now be added.

Lastly, that description of domestic and political News is introduced which is usually found in a Weekly Newspaper. It is unnecessary to dwell on this head further than to say, that the Proprietors do not range themselves under the banners of any party; their earnest endeavours have been to make THE GARDENERS' CHRONICLE a full and comprehensive Record of Facts only—a Newspaper in the true sense of the word—leaving the reader to form his own opinions; their object being the elucidation of the laws of Nature, not of man. The reader is thus furnished, in ADDITION TO THE PECULIAR FEATURES OF THE JOURNAL, with such information concerning the events of the day, as supersedes the necessity of his providing himself with any other Weekly Paper.

The Proprietors are happy to announce that the following distinguished Botanists, Florists, and Practical Gardeners have already enriched the GARDENERS' CHRONICLE by their communications:—

Professor Henslow, Cambridge
Professor Royle, King's College, London
The Hon. and Very Rev. W. Herbert, Dean of Manchester
The Hon. and Rev. Charles Bathurst
Hon. W. Fox Strangways
Sir Oswald Mosley, Bart.
Sir W. J. Hooker, Royal Gardens, Kew
Dr. Horner, Hull
Dr. Lankester, F.R.S.
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Mr. Ferguson, Gardener to the Duke of Buckingham
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